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CAREER OF JOHN KENDRICK "COWBOY SENATOR" THE MYTHICAL MENACE OF MILITARISM

FROM WINTER TO SUMMER—BY AIR

TREADING ON VIOLETS

AUDIENCES I HAVE KNOWN

FOLLOWING CALIFORNIA'S FLYING GOVERNOR

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

WHY YOUTH WILL FLY

CONCERNING MAJOR PEYSER'S BUSY CAREER

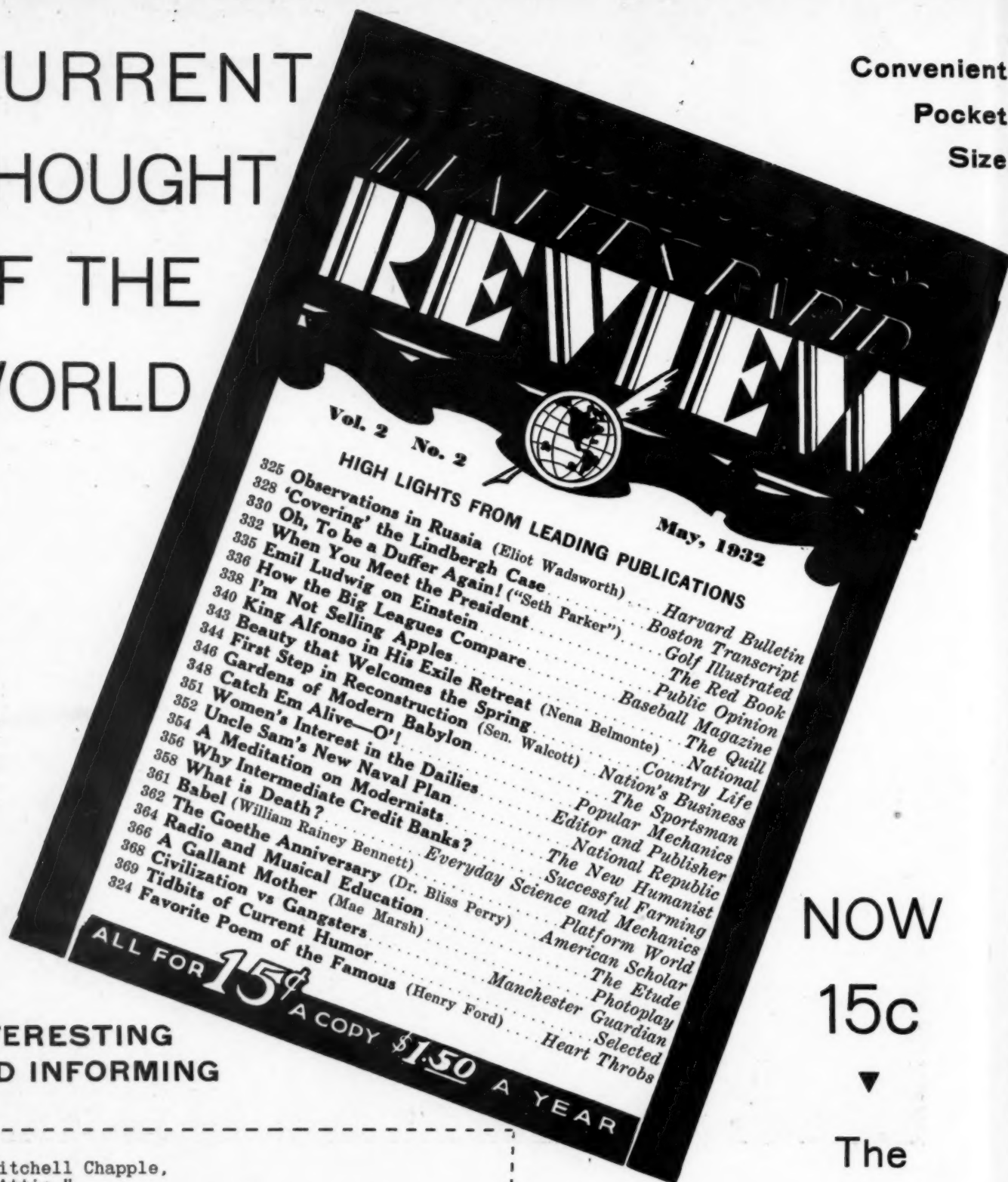
WASHINGTON, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER

PRINCE OF LEGENDS

SEEING THE SIGHTS BACK IN OLD VIRGINIA

CURRENT THOUGHT OF THE WORLD

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BUSY FOLK



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



HERRY blossom time marks the high peak of visitors in Washington. The floral symphony on the old Potomac flats is a spectacle that draws almost as many people as an inauguration. Motors covering almost every foot of the boulevards move in stately procession slowly past the flowers that recall Japan's peace gesture to the United States. It does not seem long ago that the presentation

was made to the late President Taft, himself a great advocate of amity. Many of the trees were actually planted by Mrs. Taft, then First Lady of the Land. There must have been thoughts in the mind of Secretary Harry L. Stimson as he drove along, recalling his Peace note, that flowers after all represent the American ideal. You cannot hate and look into the face of flowers. The Japan boycott plan failed, because it involved the same combative spirit engendered in warfare. The sessions of Congress in both Houses witnessed early adjournments during cherry blossom time, for every individual in the Capital felt that something would be missed in their young lives if they did not glimpse this fleeting floral splendor.

THE nomination for vice president on the Democratic presidential ticket in 1928 familiarized the name of Joe Robinson to the people of the country. The big-hearted big-brained senator was born in Lonoke, Ark. in 1872, and educated in the public schools and University of Arkansas.

Eight years after beginning the practice of law, he was elected to Congress. Serving for two terms, he resigned to become governor of his native state. In 1913 he resigned as chief executive and took his seat in the U. S. Senate, which makes him a regular Arkansas traveler in public office. Electing Joe Robinson to the Senate has since been a habit of Arkansas folk. Now they feel that they are able to provide not only vice presidential limbs but real presidential timber, and his name will be presented as a favorite son as nominee for President of the United States at the Democratic National Convention in 1928. As a leader of the minority and participant in conferences of national and international importance,

Senator Joe Robinson has won a distinction for fairness that has made him a public leader who commands the respect of people of all parties.

AFTER an eloquent prayer by Rev. Z. Barney Phillips, the U. S. Senate Chaplain, the budget-paring bee began that day. Expenditure for "entertaining distinguished visitors" was an item that elicited acrimonious criticism. It looks as if the joy banqueting days of yore are over. The committee x-ray was focused upon each detail as the discussion proceeded. "Items" were questioned while elephantine appropriations were swallowed at the gulping rollcall. They were after what the "doughboys" used to call the "moocher." A moocher is one who is always bumming matches and cigarettes. The "moochers" are going to have a hard time from now on, for the "hail fellow well met" liberality of Uncle Sam is passing. The Senator from Tennessee was having a difficult time getting his hits bunched. Interrogations popped up like the magic rocks of Camaralzaman in Arabian Nights from behind apparently vacant desks. When the bell sounded for roll-call, senators would glide out of the cloakroom and in from the side entrances to keep the quorum intact. Uncle Sam has a wealth of congressional roll-calls to his credit, even if they do make a dent in his bank roll while trying to balance his budget.



Secretary H. L. Stimson facing a "Dog-of-war"

FROM the lips of an eminent leader representing an opposing political party I heard the expression that Herbert Hoover is a great non-partisan president. While the coalition did not click the first Sales Tax test, it evinced a spirit of unity on urgent problems of present day importance, irrespective of the after effects in a political campaign. President Hoover has been most insistent on giving credit to Speaker John Garner, Senator Joe Robinson and other Democratic leaders for their cooperation. Presenting a plan, carefully thought out, to balance the budget he insists that the people must ultimately solve the situation in their own way. The record reveals that he has been successful in having definite national policies carried out by Congress which has established a most encouraging precedent for the future. Opinion pre-

vails that peace time has its necessity for the same united action as in days when war clouds gathered over the country.

IN the new Commerce Building I looked in on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as they gathered for deliberations, headed by Gen. Dawes and Governor Meyer. It recalled the old War Finance Corporation. Many of the same men who met complicated national emergencies at that time are meeting the problems of peace times. There was no lack of applications for funds, but the Finance Corporation is focusing attention on making every dollar work for confidence and stability which is the foundation of all business in the world. Resources, men and money, are being mobilized for the one purpose, to bring around if they cannot altogether bring back, all the prosperity of former times. History was repeating itself in the matter of needs and the manner of meeting them in this important emergency. The application for loans to the railroads was endorsed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but that did not preclude an explosion in the Senate when they discovered that some of the money might go to pay up loans necessary to liquidate before rehabilitation could begin.

OLD Georgetown is coming back to its own. Many of the old dwellings are being reconstructed with the same enthusiasm that summer people are rehabilitating old farm houses in New England. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, former congresswoman and candidate for



Herbert Hoover
President of the United States

the Senate, was one of the pioneers to build a home and garden in the historic town where lived Francis Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." The home is now utilized, for she, recently married Congressman

Albert G. Simms of New Mexico and will keep in touch with the work of her erstwhile colleagues on Capitol Hill. Mary Roberts Rhinehart, one of the most popular and able American authors, has also established her home in this portion of the District of Columbia associated with the very beginnings of the capital city of the Republic. We may expect some descriptions of the environment in which she lives in that great American novel which she is planning will reflect American life and ideals in the form of an entrancing romance related in her own graphic way.



U. S. Senator David A. Reed of
Pennsylvania

IN the grim dark corners of the Treasury Department, I met Ogden Mills, Secretary of the Treasury, who served a long and strenuous apprenticeship with Andrew J. Mellon before he took on the full and complete honors so well deserved. The Department closes at two o'clock. There is a "Captain of the Watch" at the Treasury Department who knows "Who's Who" and "what is wanted" as they cross the threshold of the classic columned building which might be called Uncle Sam's great money and bullion treasure trove. The problem of the times is to balance the budget and Uncle Sam has had his troubles along with the other bankers in keeping the depositors happy and being ready for every emergency. The budget is being balanced and the world still insists that Uncle Sam's fiduciary institution established by Alexander Hamilton still commands the confidence of every man, woman and child in the world. This is evidenced in the prompt way in which people are buying Uncle Sam's Baby Bonds.

Short time notes, depositing postal savings; in fact, every form of investment indorsed by Uncle Sam is sought as an impregnable bulwark of safety for public as well as private funds. As Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mills is an active factor in the Reconstruction Corporation that has been called the most gigantic banking project that has ever been known in history.

At least once every year I make a pilgrimage to Arlington Cemetery. The classic columns of historic Arlington House, the former home of Robert E. Lee, from which he departed on the eve of the Civil War never to return, stands at the end of the beautiful Memorial Bridge recently completed marking the beginning of the famous highway to Mount Vernon. The grave of the Unknown Soldier is being repaired and is the one Shrine viewed by all visitors. I could not resist finding

my way to the tomb of the late John Philip Sousa. As we stood there we heard the echoes of the band playing at Fort Myers the stirring refrain of his "Stars and Stripes Forever." What a tribute to America's March



Eugene Meyer of the Reconstruction Commission

King! Not far away was the tomb of Admiral George Dewey whose memory is recalled on each May Day anniversary of the Battle of Manila. On the crest of the hill rests Admiral Peary beneath a stone representing a world with a star indicating the North Pole. The forests of little tombstones marking the resting place of the Confederate as well as the Union soldiers flank the names recorded in this God's Acre of men eminent in history. William Jennings Bryan the great advocate of peace, sleeps

amid the soldiers and sailors who have carried on the warfare of the country. Memorial Day will find this bivouac of the dead the center of activities. A foreign diplomat who was with me remarked that one dominant impression that remained with him, was the loving honor and remembrance given to the public men of America by the people, together with the incomparable pensions and bonus funds caring for the living who served the flag that so proudly floats over Arlington.

PUBLIC attention has been focused on the Anti-Hoarding campaign with spring-house-cleaning. The work been carried on effectively by state, city and town organizations. In the Empire State, Major-General Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation, launched an anti-hoarding process that was broadcast over the radio with President Gilbert T. Hodges of the Advertising Federation of America, Victor Ritter, publisher of the Staats-Zeitung, and President Charles Murphy, of the Advertising Club of New York, on his staff. Among the speakers on other occasions, indicating how this Club keeps abreast of the times, was Ivy Lee. As the dean of publicists, Mr. Lee is regarded as an authority on public relations. His widely-varied career and activities in the American Red Cross during the war, have reflected great credit to his Princeton Alma Mater and the newspaper fraternity, among whom he began his distinguished career.

the credit, the President continues in the even tenor of his way, despite the Shouse refrain of "Blame Hoover" for everything that goes wrong from the stove bucking and smoking, Bossy kicking over the milk, and even the rain that comes and spoils the picnic outdoors. A reaction has set in among all fair minded folks that indicates some consideration of the President who is quietly and modestly carrying the big load and steadfastly sticking to the one big man-killing job assigned him by the people of the United States.

At the Press Club Mr. Stickland Gillilan, author of "Off agin, on agin, Finnigan" indulges in sagelike philosophic discussion between the inspiring lectures he delivers in all parts of the country. He has taxed the vernacular to express himself as follows:

"A lot of cantankerous pollyfoxing and dillydallying are going on in regard to the cutting down of government running expenses. Having done two or three intelligent things, in a non-partisan way, Congress is making up for it by doing the things that always get in bad with the people—playing politics and yammering. But members of Congress who are voter-conscious and hot and bothered about their own or their own party's continuance in the saddle—those individuals may as well put this in their pipes, tamp it down, light it and puff on it: The people are going to administer one very



Honorable James M. Beck, Representative from Pennsylvania, and former Solicitor General of the United States.

severe lambasting to whichever party shall be responsible for failure to make a whooping big cut in such expenses and to act promptly. The President has put it squarely up to Congress, is ready to play ball, and it is for that body to fish, cut bait or come ashore."

WHEN the "Moonlight Schools" were established by Cora Wilson Stewart in North Carolina some years ago, this energetic school teacher, born in old Kentucky, little realized what an important movement she had launched. The work now receives the attention of



The Anti Hoarding Organization of New York City at the Ad. Club

a government commission. Many of the mountaineers young and old are still attending school on moonlight nights and learning the three R's. This time was chosen, because the men and women from remote mountain homes were better enabled to make the trip in the moonlight than otherwise. The figures that Mrs. Sewart presented concerning illiteracy in the United States were so astounding that her efforts have enlisted the support of many public leaders in Washington in a effort to raise the ban of illiteracy that was so startlingly revealed in the selective draft law during the World War. To hear her tell the story of what has already been accomplished is like listening to a thrilling romance. Undaunted by obstacles, she has persisted in the work and has done more to drive back the clouds of ignorance among those who had abandoned all hope of an education than any other one individual in the country. In the devotion of her life to the work, Cora Stewart has had the enthusiastic support of Jane Addams of Hull House and many groups interested in educative welfare work.

REFERRING to the passing of George Eastman, Senator Copeland of New York remarked, "If there ever was a man who should be honored with a resting place in Arlington for services rendered to the country and the world, it is George Eastman." The exit of the Kodak King from the stage of life even at the mature age of 77 was a shock to the world. Few men have accomplished so much in real achievement during the allotted span of life. He brought a new era to the family and industrial life and human existence in general in making photography as universal as electric light. In the creation and perfection of motion pictures he played an important part with the late Thomas Alva Edison. George Eastman's constructive genius proved him an eminent

American honored for services rendered his country. The world at large shared in the achievement of his busy life. Beyond all this, are the benefactions of this quiet modest bachelor who wooed and won Fortune's favor and shared with others in generosity incomparable, for no one knows how much beyond one hundred millions he gave away to educational and public institutions, looking to the betterment of humankind. In his own city of Rochester scores of local institutions and civic investments were greatly benefitted through the success of the young lad who

began his business career in the Flower City at three dollars a week. Touching and eloquent tributes were paid the memory of George Eastman by fellow citizens at the Memorial exercises when almost every man, woman and child in his home city, in silence reverently paid respect to his memory. Millions of people have been and still remain on payrolls that never would have existed had it not been for the perseverance of George Eastman in turning his early failure into a triumph. With that high sense of honor he made good the thousands of dollars representing his all that he had invested at that time, recognizing that honor must come first. Honor will ever endure in human relations. Early in life, he made the great sacrifice that won the ultimate triumph. The time has come when the world appreciates more than ever the creators of payrolls and the constructive distribution of wealth, as exemplified in the career of George Eastman. He may never have a successor, but his example will guide others on the future pathways of industrial and business development. As one of the greatest industrialists that the world produced during the period of his life, he personified the rugged American individualism of his period. He started with nothing, and by his own efforts and genius created one institution

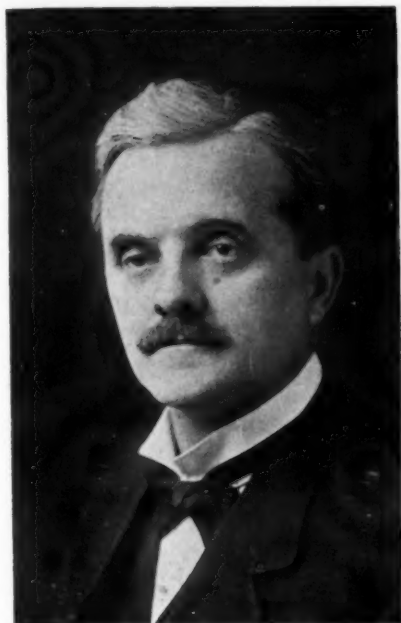
that gave away thirty million dollars in wage dividends, and left his field of endeavor better than he found it and contributed in the field of his labors a work that will be appreciated as long as there is a rolloall of remembrance in America of those who have preeminently served their day and generation in private life as well as in outstanding public careers.

THE scholar of Congress is James Montgomery Beck. Even after making notable addresses on public questions, he is ever ready to discuss his great hobby of Shakespeare. Let someone mention Bacon and doubt the authenticity of Shakespeare as the author of his own plays, the distinguished jurist, former Assistant Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of the United States for four years, and eminent attorney who has tried more cases in the Supreme Court than any other one man, is ready for a debate. If there is



Ivy Lee, Dean of Publicists

a detail concerning Shakespeare that rests in the human brain not known to James M. Beck it has not yet been discovered. Graduating from Moravian College in 1880, he began the practice of law four years later. There are many books that he has written that invoke thinking.



Senator George W. Norris
of Nebraska

The recipient of many honors from foreign countries, including an honorary Bencher degree from the historic Gray's Inn in London, if he were questioned as to what distinction he appreciates most, it would doubtless be the tributes that have come to him from the lovers of Shakespeare from all parts of the world appreciative of his erudite and comprehensive knowledge of the Bard of Avon.

Keen black eyes fairly sparkle behind the well-

poised pince-nez when he finds an opportunity to quote the words of the King of playwrights, providing for his colleagues in Congress and other auditors mental pabulum that harks back to the halcyon days when Ben Johnson and William Shakespeare dominated not only the theatre, but the great stage of contemporaneous public life, in their comments comprehending almost every emotion known to humankind.

* * *

HAVING met Mr. Louis J. Taber at a Grange meeting in the valley of Virginia, I could understand why his legion of friends and followers consider him a logical candidate for senatorial honors in his home state of Ohio. Mount Pleasant, the same village where Ulysses S. Grant was born, was his birthplace, and he was educated in a public school not far from the Grant birthplace. Taking up the work of dairy farming, he naturally became very much interested in the work of the National Grange.

After organizing his own home Grange thirty years ago, Louis J. Taber later became president of the Grange, a virile nation-wide organization of farmers. He has served five terms, during which it has grown stronger in membership and finances than at any time during its history. A Quaker, he possesses the rugged spirit of his forbears in his stand on public questions, and served on the Hoover Wheat Price Committee in 1917 and the Food Administration and Ohio Council of Defense during the entire period of the World War. Director of Agriculture of the State of Ohio and Trustee of the Ohio Experimental Station, he was chosen American representative at the International Institute of Agriculture held in Rome, Italy, six years ago, which identifies him with the international as well as the national aspects of the world farm question. Elected Master of the National Grange in 1923, he has met real dirt farmers face to face in nearly every state in the Union. The postoffice address that he calls home is Barnesville, Ohio, not far from Columbus, from which is conducted a vigorous primary campaign for the nomination.

THE Senators' "private" elevator was crowded with visitors that trip. A lad had taken off the sign "Senators only," and the situation called for a test of real democracy among Solons. Senator Norris courteously ceased reading in a book on cases cited where criminals were innocent. His Lame Duck bill promises to blossom into a constitutional amendment and he will join that other famous Nebraskan, William Jennings Bryan, as the author of historic changes in the Constitution. The



Louis J. Taber, President of the National Grange.

Amendment provides that the president will be inaugurated on January first, succeeding his election in November, and that the representatives and senators are to be sworn in at that time.

The activities of what is known as the Lame Duck Congress will be eliminated. Legislation by a "hold-over" Congress may some day be a thing of the hoary past. Senator Norris has made a valiant fight for many years on this proposition and prophecies are made that the Twentieth Amendment will score for a real progressive idea followed by the sturdy Solon from Nebraska.

* * *

FORENSIC debate commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary year of Daniel Webster breaks out now and then in the United States Senate, even in these prosaic times. (See Congressional Record) The imperial Webster remains something more than a tradition. It is still necessary "to consult Webster" in phrasing sentences that express enduring and lofty ideals which the statesman from New Hampshire portrayed in the memorable debate on the floor of the Senate. Presiding over that august body is Senator George H. Moses, representing the Granite State, in which Webster was born. Lightly tapping the gavel, rapid-fire lines representing the formula of procedure as president *pro tem* are repeated. The deadlock continues, but the alert and aggressive representative of Webster's birth state still remains in the chair. He must have felt a thrill every time the name of Webster echoed under the glass roof, recalling perorations that are not much in vogue.

At the Birthplace of Woodrow Wilson

A visit to Cultural Staunton, one of the eight historic places where Chief Executives of the United States were born — This gives Virginia the distinction of being the "Mother State of Presidents."

NAMED for the wife of a Colonial governor the city of Staunton established in 1738, retains the names of the streets following the lines laid out by Colonial surveyors. Staunton was for a time the seat of government of the Northwest Territory, the western boundary of which was the Mississippi River. The early court records contain the deed to the Northwest Territory signed by the Indian chiefs of the Five Nations of the North. Here the Virginia Legislature met in 1781 when the invasion of Cornwallis threatened the capital at Richmond. Here it was that Woodrow Wilson, the World War president, first saw the light of day, completing the list of eight presidents born on Virginia soil that has given it the name of the "Mother of Presidents." The Presbyterian parsonage where he was born has become a national shrine.

Staunton, Virginia is outstanding in its fame as an educational center. It is also the home of a military academy known all over the world and ranking high as educational institution. Founded by Captain William H. Kable, the Staunton Military Academy was recognized soon after it was established as one of the foremost military schools in America. English, classical, scientific and military courses are provided for boys and young men that meet the requirements of the times. Curiously enough, the motto of this military school is "Love is king." Pupils in attendance from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries, give this Academy a cosmopolitan student body roster.

The typical Staunton record of 303 graduates now doing successful work at 116 colleges and universities points to superior academic training. Staunton as a military institution is unexcelled, but its nation-wide reputation does not rest solely on this fact. The excellent physical and military regime is designed only to supplement the academic aim.

Under the leadership of Colonel Thomas Halbert Russell, the president, it has carried on the splendid traditions and filled a need even in peace times. It was realized that discipline and military training are fundamental necessities in a country whose chief defence in colunteer service. Beginning early in life with this respect for law and order, it is acquired as a life habit. Many young men have gone forth from this school to win distinction in civic as well as military affairs. The moral and Christian influence leaves its impression, for here the rugged healthful spirit of young American manhood is nurtured. To see these ca-

dets in full dress on the upper plaza is an inspiration. Not one of them is permitted to own an automobile and the simple and essential phases of life are emphasized.

It is not often that a school catalog is treasured as a volume of reference and specimen of fine art, but the book issued by this school has long enjoyed a reputation of being the premier of its kind.

Around the ivy-covered walls of old Trinity, founded in 1763, the students gather to attend Divine service. There was some-



Colonel Thomas Halbert Russell

thing of reverential respect in the faces of these young men that made one feel reassured as to the future of the Republic.

From the high grade schools of Virginia came the flower of Southern leadership, including eminent men, glorifying the valor and courage of the youth of the southland.

IN Staunton is located the famous Mary Baldwin College, founded by Reverend Rufus W. Bailey in 1842 as the Augusta Female seminary. The original structure is still standing and is used as the Administration Building. During the Civil War there was talk of closing its doors, but courageous Mary Julia Baldwin and Agnes McClung appeared as co-principals. They took charge of the school and pluckily carried on, when all others had abandoned hope. In 1895 the name was changed to the Mary Baldwin Seminary in appreciation of her thirty-four years of invaluable service. The

institution has maintained a reputation for high scholarship and wholesome influence for eighty-nine years, with a motto, "Non pro Tempore sed Aeternita." (Not for time but for eternity.) Under the direction of Dr. Louis Wilson Jarman, president, and a faculty of outstanding ability, the institution has become a widely recognized educational influence in America. When I looked upon the impressive front entrance, with its classic columns gleaming in the sunlight, festooned with foliage, a suggestion of Athenian scholarly environment came to mind. Life long are the tender friendships formed within these walls. The terraces on the hilltop were the setting of such a retreat as Plato might have enjoyed in his pursuit of knowledge. The verdure of the grassy lawn is where the senior year begins with the investiture and closes with the annual academic procession on Miss Baldwin's birthday.

Whether in the candlelight of a formal dinner or social occasion or out on the athletic grounds or in the saddle riding along the bridle paths of the surrounding hills, one has a picture of young womanhood at its high tide of bloom of beauty and work. The associations carry on the ideals of Mary Baldwin in the flowering of young American womanhood.

In the chapel, where I spoke, Woodrow Wilson was baptized. In a home on the hillside, nearby, he lived in those early and formative days of childhood.

At Lexington, Va. not far away Robert E. Lee spent his last days. The recumbent figure on his tomb is a shrine dear to the hearts of the people he loved. It is difficult to realize that this wonderful life was ended at the age of sixty-three.

Staunton spends \$6,125.00 a year furthering its recreation activities in parks and playgrounds and \$900.00 of the taxpayers' money on the Stonewall Brigade band which, by the way, is one of the historic and show bands of the Southland. It is one of the oldest and best known local bands in America.

There are about 1,500 cadets and students of various kinds from out of town, mostly from out of state in the various academies and colleges in Staunton.

Gypsy Park Hill and the twin peaks, Betsey Bell and Mary Gray, still play their part in the romantic environment of Staunton.

Aside from historical association, Staunton remains the scene where many eminent men and women all over the country attended school which recalls the tender associations of their Alma Mater.

Business Genius as a Public Benefactor

The achievement of the late George Robert White, his Associates and Successors in a Public Service that marks a memorable chapter in the History of Modern Business in the Era of Industrial Development.

THERE are many Americans outside the spotlight of publicity and the limelight of public life whose careers shine out in inspiring lustre as the years pass on. The example of these men means much to those who follow.

A citizen in the broader sense of the word was the late George Robert White. He gave liberally to the people of the accumulations of a lifetime of concentrated and constructive effort. He contributed to the betterment of millions all over the world through his creative products. He gave outright a million dollars to endow an educational institution associated with his profession, and numerous gifts to Boston Museum of Fine Arts and other philanthropies during his life, and finally bequeathed eleven million dollars to his beloved city of Boston for works of public utility and beauty. All this is the attribute of an outstanding benefactor and friend of man, who exemplified the highest ideals of successful American citizenship. All this without the trumpets of publicity and with a modesty characteristic of the man.

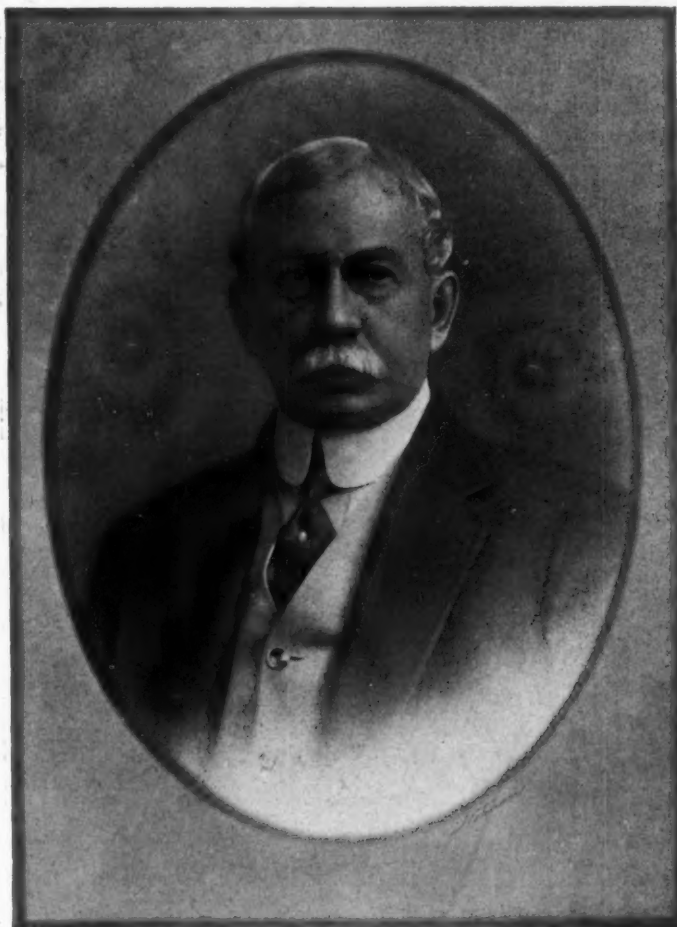
While Lieutenant John Henry Pierce White was serving as a Civil War minute man in the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, his young son, George Robert White was eager to go to work and help keep the home fires burning. In 1864 as a lad of seventeen he secured a job in Boston. Beginning as an entry clerk, it was apparent on that day that he had entered upon a career as a creative salesman. At the age of twenty-six he became a member of the firm.

While George Robert White was a salesman he also looked after the advertising. Carefully studying results as well as sales of one of the firm's specialties, an ointment, and being convinced that the product was worthy of a distinctive name, he coined a new word—now known world-wide, from the Latin "Cutis"—skin, and "Cura"—care, and christened the magical new product "Cuticura". The name was trade-marked on April 30, 1878. Five years of tests and experiments in stubborn cases of skin trouble had proved the efficacy of the product. Later he conceived the idea of a soap containing its emollient properties. The first year's sales of Cuticura Soap were one hundred and seventy-three thousand cakes, which have now multiplied into a staggering total production per year of over fifteen million cakes.

In 1883 with his former employer, Andrew G. Weeks, and Warren B. Potter, the Potter Drug and Chemical Company was organized to manufacture this medicated soap. Mr. Potter continued as president

until his death shortly after, but it was George Robert White whose soul and personality infused into this particular industry a perseverance identified with high

was evident, and a site was selected in Malden, Mass. near Bell Rock which has its historic associations with Colonial and Revolutionary days. The offices and laboratories



George Robert White

standards and kindly traits, reflecting the business genius of his time.

First heralded in the Boston daily papers in modest advertisements—the demand for Cuticura seemed immediate. Giving his entire attention to its preparation and sale, Mr. White soon had an advertising campaign going all over the world, in many languages, that brought orders and increased the payroll at the modest little Boston plant where the industry was inaugurated.

The original location was at 360 Washington Street, Boston, later moved to Columbus Avenue. Here it continued until the necessity for an enlarged laboratory and plant

now cover several acres, occupying an entire square. Festooned with ivy, it presents the picture of an ideal manufacturing establishment, with conditions that comport with the ideas of George R. White and his successor, Charles Lyman Hamilton, now president of the company. Mr. Hamilton began with the company as a bookkeeper in 1883 with Mr. White when there were only two other employees. Elected secretary in 1890, he became vice-president and general manager in 1906, succeeding to the presidency upon the death of Mr. White. Close association with Mr. White through all the creative years, and his knowledge of the de-

tails connected with the building up of this notable modern business organization, have made him one of the outstanding industrial leaders of New England. A personification of courtesy and kindness, he has maintained the sound principles of true leadership through the same perseverance that characterized the career of his associate and predecessor as a progressive business leader, maintaining benign traits of human character and utilizing the inherent and innate native ability through training

institution of its kind. The very entrance, marked with the dignity of marble and bronze, fittingly introduces one to the home of a superlative product indicating environment appropriate to the preparations which from here go forth to nearly all countries of the world on a mission of cleansing and healing.

In the warehouse one finds the highest grade of tallow which is later melted by steam and run in tanks and pumped into the kettles and transformed as if by magic

high speed folding machines put the dainty direction circulars, printed in many different languages, around each cake of soap. This gives some idea of the scope of the sales all over the world. The machinery was largely invented or adapted through Yankee ingenuity for the most economical and efficient way of creating Cuticura products and bringing them within the reach of the masses the world over. In the Ointment laboratory, as neat as a Dutch kitchen, with the latest provisions for sanitary processes, millions of boxes are made every year for the increasing markets.

Now I could understand why those first pledges made by George Robert White in his advertising have commanded confidence during the half century. The maintenance of quality typifying the old New England ideal of integrity in business has found a response in the world-wide demand for Cuticura preparations.

The spirit of the institution is reflected in the attractive rest and recreation room which again recalled the kindly and lovable spirit of the men who have projected their benign spirit on through the years to come.

During his long and active career in building up the world fame of Cuticura and his products, the late George Robert White had the help and counsel of his sister, the late Mrs. Bradbury, who continued on the big broad policies of her brother after his demise. Her liberal bequest to the Massachusetts General Hospital kept pace with those of her distinguished brother. It is doubtful if any two people engaged in business ever gave a larger porportion of a large fortune to the public than George Robert White and his beloved sister, Mrs. Bradbury. The comradeship and inspiring cooperation between brother and sister is a striking example of family unity in a life purpose to help others.

Before leaving the office of Mr. Hamilton I noted the many evidences of appreciation and the eloquent tributes to his product. Among them was an honor roll from the War Department of the United States of America, recognizing "the distinguished service, loyalty, and efficiency of the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation in the performance of war work which aided materially in obtaining victory for the arms of the United States." This citation was prompted by the far-seeing provision of the company in providing a million and a half cakes of Cuticura soap for the American army in France. Many doughboys in khaki will recall the welcome sight of one of these little cakes of soap after those torturing days in the trenches. These little messengers of cleanliness played their part in the maintenance of health in these trying days, not only of lads at the front and in camps, but in the hospitals as well, where the virtues of this modest product did its bit in carrying on during those trying and eventful days.

This ideal of service with this company is not only recorded in the honor roll of those who served under the flag in the Army and Navy, but in the record of employees, one of whom began service fifty years ago when the first cake of Cuticura was made and of-



Charles L. Hamilton

and experience that often surpass advantages through chance, good fortune or inheritance.

During his early connection with the Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Mr. Charles L. Hamilton began a collection of horseshoes. He has over one hundred accumulated in over forty years and they are all gilded and prove a most striking assurance of good luck, if the old tradition prevails. He has been sent horseshoes from Australia and other foreign countries. Among the collection are shoes from mules sent in from Porto Rico, and on a special tablet are the shoes worn by "Man o' War," the master race horse, and another by "Peter the Scribe," the steeplechase champion.

A visit to the offices and laboratories where Cuticura products are made makes one feel that they are in touch with a model

into the attractive form which invites purchasers all over the world.

In the testing laboratory there is an atmosphere of purity. All the raw materials, perfumes and medicaments are carefully checked and analyzed before they are put into the kettle and are also rechecked when they come therefrom. In the main kettle room, where soap base is made, are large vats, each containing forty thousand pounds. In the crutchers or mixers the soap is medicated after it comes from the kettle. The soap flows from these crutchers in liquid form, a magic green, and is cooled and shredded in ribbons before it passes on to the dryer. These rolls are carefully cooled with running water of an even temperature. Large compressors cut the cakes of soap automatically, passing it on to presses where the cakes of soap are stamped and wrapped at the rate of one hundred per minute. The

New Ships for our Merchant Marine

Six modern vessels named for provinces, rivers, and mountains of Latin American countries, launched and built by the United Fruit Company, mark an important advance in the development of American shipping on the high seas.

AN event that has linked the ancient civilizations of the western continent with the present occurred when the modern ships were launched on the 1,937,185 day after the day set by the Mayas as the

beginning of all things, or October 14, 3733 B. C., according to the Gregorian calendar now in use. The interest in this ancient civilization has been awakened through the contacts provided by American Merchant Marine in general and the Great White Fleet in particular. That is why the launching of the first of their six new ships was recorded according to the magical and mystical calculations of ancient Mayas. It was called "Seven Chicchan, Thirteen Xul," (pronounced Shul) and is chronicled in eight curious glyphs or characters revealing signs, characters and a language lost in the mists of time. According to Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, the flight of time was established by the ancient Mayas with a greater degree of accuracy than was known to the Egyptians, Medes or Persians, or even Europe in the Middle Ages.



Interior of the social hall on the Talamanca

Astronomy has played its part as the father of sciences in the western continent as in the so-called cradles of civilization, proving their time machine a marvel that astonishes those of us living in these swift-moving modern days, for it was used by human beings living in a stone age.

This is the reason why the buildings of the Exposition in Chicago commemorating "A Century of Progress" reveal the influence of Mayan architecture which has made its permanent impress upon the so-called modern architecture all over the world. Ever since the airplane made it possible for ex-

plorers to look down upon the sites in the jungle and forgotten areas which formerly teemed with millions of human beings in a civilization now almost forgotten, this area of Central and South America is now regarded as closely associated with the beginnings of human activities on this terrestrial sphere.

It was fitting that the new sister ships the "Talamanca" and "Segovia" should have been christened with Mrs. Hoover, the first lady of the land, as sponsor. The launching at Newport News and later launching of the "Antigua" at Quincy are recalled as coast to coast tours are made by the Talamanca via the Panama Canal from New York to California ports.

The very word "launching" suggests something new, and the completion of the six new ships of the United Fruit Company indeed launches a new era in the history of American Merchant Marine. They represent the last word and the superlative in experienced maritime skill in shipbuilding and have set a pace for the ships that are to follow, making the Great White Fleet one of the outstanding group of American vessels on the seven seas. The traditions of the clipper ships which gave this country its first introduction to the real commerce of the world have not only been maintained, but future foreign trade given an impetus such as has never been known before in the history of American commerce.

These turbo-electric vessels are important mediums through which can be developed closer trade relations and closer friend-

"Segovia" and "Talamanca."

"The name "Segovia" comes originally from the Spanish city made famous by an aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Trajan, but this vessel was named more particularly in honor of the river flowing into the Caribbean Sea at Cape Gracias a Dios between the Republics of Nicaragua and Honduras. It was a native of Segovia from old Espagna who discovered this river and give it the name utilized today in the christening of an American steamship.

"The "Talamanca" was christened in honor of a district between Costa Rica and Panama where the Talamanca Indians, an indomitable race, lived and flourished, and were with difficulty subdued, being closely related to the famed Incas in Peru as indicated by the decorations on the pottery recently discovered.

Representatives of the Shipping Board and government officials who had carried out the legislative program provided by Congress, under the Jones-White Merchant Marine Act passed in 1928, were also present at the launching. This Act provides that the Government awards ten year mail contracts on a mileage basis to American shipping companies who build in American yards and operate under the American flag. Loans to these companies seventy-five percent of the cost of construction are made. The requirements were inspected to the dot in the construction of the six new ships of this company, providing the last word in seagoing safety and comforts and an effective system of natural ventilation. Eight



Homer Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co.; Mrs. Hoover, sponsor of the Talamanca and Segovia; V. M. Cutter, President of the United Fruit Co.; Mrs. Homer Ferguson, Capt. Russell Train

ships between the peoples of the Latin-American republics and the United States. Members of the diplomatic corps from Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Salvador and Guatemala attended the ceremonies at Newport News, Va., of the launching of the

watertight bulkheads extend to and above the main deck, dividing the vessel into nine watertight compartments, which is in excess of requirements. The new queen ships are four hundred and forty feet long, sixty foot beam, equipped with radio and radio direction finder, fathometer, thermostat fire

alarm system, smoke detectors and metallic life boats. The air in every room is changed ten times an hour by a ventilator system which operates without draft, affording every comfort known on land or sea for the traveler.

United Fruit Company Article

A map of the coast of the United States, Canada, the entire Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico together with the coast of the Pacific from Panama to San Francisco, is the crusing ground of the White Fleet. It includes routes which this company has created in its half century of activities that have proved such an important factor in bringing back to this nation the traditional fame of the American Merchant Marine. The area covered by this fleet has made each one of the ships more or less an ambassador of good will and resulted in the great increase of commerce and trade between the countries of the North, Central and South Americas. They have helped to commerce a continent in a way that has far surpassed the dreams of Columbus as he sailed west in search of the wealth and riches of India.

The ancient capital of Guatemala, Antiqua, which continued for more than two centuries one of the richest and most populous capitals of the New World, was further perpetuated in the name given to the third of the six new vessels completed. Looking upon the launching of this sturdy craft at Quincy, the town in which two presidents of the United States were born and are buried, I recalled sunny days spent in Antiqua. Rambling among the ruins of the old churches I envisioned this city with its teeming population in 1686, a little more than three score years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. This was in the more modern days in Guatemala. Prior to that time, Antiqua had a population un-

ence just prior to the days of the American Revolution that created the great Republic to the north. The capital was then moved to the city of Guatemala which maintained the distinction of being the most important and capital in all of the Central American countries. Historic events near ancient Antiqua have had much to do with the civilizations old and new. This area was peopled by races of which there is little known record.

After the launching, came that modest but most impressive declaration of Mr. Victor M. Cutter, President of the United Fruit Company. He spoke as one who had the vision of what that advance in American shipping means. After leaving Dartmouth he began his career with the Fruit Company under the original founder, Mr. Andrew W. Preston, who had much to do with opening these new realms of American commerce. His long residence in Central America made the names of these new vessels reminders of his years of active life in the Tropics. In his response, Mr. Cutter said:

"Mrs. Hoover and Distinguished Guests:

"The two ships launched this morning are the first and second of six, all to be launched this year, and all to be engaged in passenger and freight service between the United States and Central and South America.

"The Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company assure us that they will be splendid, swift vessels, equipped with every device for safety, comfort and utility. We believe this to be so, for we have faith in the ability and skill of the men who are building our ships.

"In behalf of the Directors of the United Fruit Company we desire to thank Mrs. Hoover for the gracious manner in which she sponsored the "Talamanca" and "Se-

these ships will be useful in developing the cultural and trade relations so earnestly desired by the President of the United States.

"These ships are being built under the provisions of the Merchant Marine Act of 1928. This wise law has made it possible for American shipbuilders and operators, for the first time in years, to construct and operate vessels in competition with other nations of the world and on equal terms. Under existing and prospective conditions in world trade, the whole-heart-



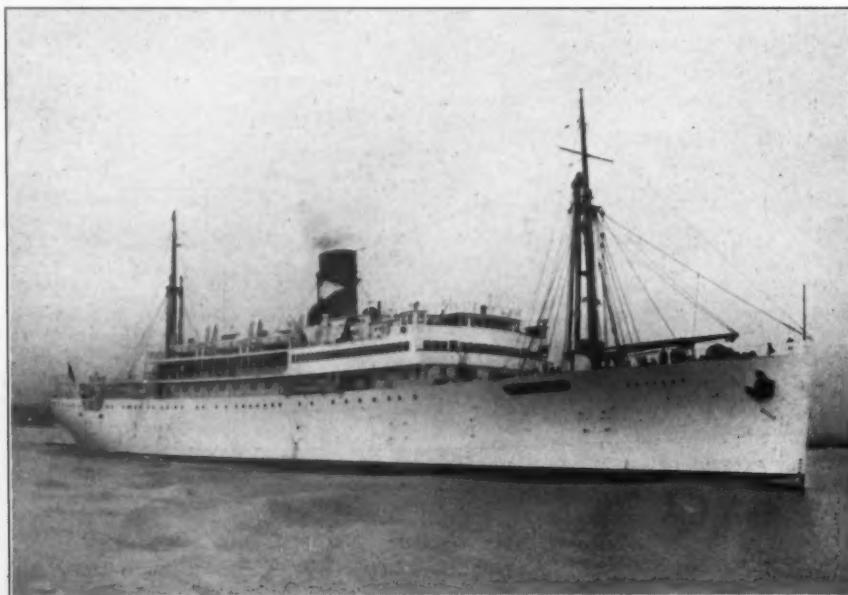
The Antigua going down the ways at Quincy, Mass.

ed and continued support of the traveling public, American exporters and our Government is necessary if we are to build up a Merchant Marine worthy of our country. The United Fruit Company appreciates the opportunity to assist in upbuilding the American Merchant Marine, so necessary in times of peace, and essential if war should unfortunately come again.

"Before the Christian era, Central America and northern South America were inhabited by peoples who had reached a high degree of culture. The leading civilization was that of the Maya. Somewhere about the fifth or sixth centuries of our era some unknown Mayan potter designed a quaint, little vase, which was dug up recently in one of the great valleys of the Atlantic Coast of Central America. Replicas of this vase were used by Mrs. Hoover to christen the "Talamanca" and "Segovia". On these replicas were placed glyphs in Mayan pictures writing, giving the present date, August 15, 1931.

"It is with great pleasure that I present to Mrs. Hoover a golden replica of this little vase as a reminder of the gratitude of my Company at the honor done us in sponsoring the "Talamanca" and "Segovia", a symbol of the ancient cultures of Latin America, and a god omen of our future happy relations with our sister Republics to the South."

Where is there a home in this broad land that does not use the humble but essential banana in the everyday menu? Although its general use is of modern origin there is something about the flavor and the taste that makes it always seem a luxury no matter if it is the cheapest fruit product



The Antigua, one of the six new ships constructed under the Jones-White Merchant Marine Act of 1928

known and unnumbered in the modern records. Earthquakes came with the frequency of spring showers, but the old capital withstood until 1773, three years before the signing of the Declaration of Independ-

govia". It is an honor conferred, not only upon our own Company, but upon the Latin American Republics after whose rivers the ships are named and with which they will trade. We hope, and believe, that

ever put upon the market. The banana is not only a fruit but a staff of life and seems to have drawn to it the richness of tropical sunshine to produce rare food qualities. Growing in the richest of soil, the plebeian banana which we peel with little ceremony is one of the most widely used products of the Tropics in this country, for it is even a candidate for favor at the soda fountain. More people agree on

sixty-six thousand tons, a larger net tonnage than was included in the famed Spanish Armada.

The other new vessels to be launched will all have christening names expressing an appreciation of Latin-American culture. Provinces, mountains and rivers located in the Caribbean area also being honored in this way. Quirigua was a center of the culture of Guatemala established during the first centuries of the Christian era which continued on for five hundred years with notable achievements in art, astronomy, architecture and agriculture. Suddenly, for reasons that no archeologist has been able to define, the city was abandoned. The Mayas moved north to Yucatan, and developed an entirely new line of culture and civilization, indicating that even ancient peoples desired a change now and then—as time jogged along.

The "Chiriqui" is named for a province in the Republic of Panama which includes a greater area for cultivation than any other province in that Republic. It contains the highest mountain on the Isthmus, a diversified and fertile soil, vast mineral wealth untouched, and an abundant supply of valuable virgin timber.

The cordillera or mountain range, Veragua, traversing the Isthmus was the scene of a gold mining rush in the days of the conquistadores. In this province of Veragua, for which the last of the six ships is named, gold mining continued actively up to 1850. Many of the miners in the rush to California in '49 stopped here and made their fortunes without going on to the land of the Golden Gate.

The nomenclature included in the naming of these six new ships is a nautical reminder of the history and geography of the countries served by this formidable Great White Fleet and already herald a new era of expanding American commerce and trade that may prove an important factor in bringing about an established peace of the world and the outlawry of war. In times past ships have been the instrumentality in destroying millions of people and trillions in property through invasion. This insuperable barrier to the perpetuation of the enduring glory of civilization ancient or modern, is being removed as ships like these are launched with the Peace flag of the American Merchant Marines floating triumphantly on the mainmast.

The launching of the turbine electric mail ship "Veragua" at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation on April 24, 1932, was a fitting climax of the program. The stirring chorus of shrieking sirens and cheers bade the new craft Godspeed, as it was christened by Miss Patricia Winifred Preston, daughter of Mrs. Harold G. Cutler of Beacon Street, Boston and granddaughter of Andrew W. Preston, one of the founders of the United Fruit Company and its first president. Little Miss Patricia, fourteen years of age, had as her maid of honor, Miss Allison Kimpton and Miss Sally Mosser.

Following the ceremony a luncheon was served in the Administration Building at which two hundred distinguished guests were present. Miss Patricia was presented

with a platinum wristwatch suitably inscribed and the maids of honor received gold bracelets bearing the name of the ship and the date of the launching. H. E. D. Gould, president of the Plant, and vice president S. W. Wakefield, were presented by Miss Preston with a house flag of the United Fruit Company as souvenir of the three splendid ships the Fore River Plant has turned out.

The Veragua is 450 feet long, 60 feet beam and is of 12,000 tons displacement. She is the last word in seagoing luxury and refinement and is fitted with glassed in promenade deck, a large swimming pool for moonlight bathing in the tropics and the bathing facilities and rooms compare favorably with the best hotels and country clubs.

The occasion seemed like a family gathering, for many of those present had witnessed the previous launchings, and were identified with the work from its inception. Mr. Victor M. Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, expressed the hearty appreciation of the cooperation in every way that had made this great important phase of development in the Merchant Marine so suc-



Victor M. Cutter
President of the United Fruit Co.

flavor of a banana than any other one fruit. The universal use has been brought about largely by the United Fruit Company. They have truly been united in their persistence and confidence that the Edenesque product would find increasing favor among all classes of people. To the table of rich and poor comes the banana arrayed in glorious golden yellow, an emblem of hopefulness and cheer. The sunny skies from whence it came are transported to northern climes responding to the same impulse existing since time began of providing food and sustenance for human kind.

All this has much to do with the launching of the six new ships by the United Fruit Company,—a tribute to the founders of the company carrying on the intrepid spirit of New England forbears reaching out for new markets and new worlds to conquer through the peaceful channels of amicable trade relations. It is a far cry from the modest little schooner "Eunice P. Newcomb" that reached Boston in 1879, the year that electric light was discovered by Edison, to the imposing fleet soon to include these six imperial and incomparable new ships that are the pride and glory of the American Merchant Marine of today.

The United Fruit Company now owns ninety-six ships and has nine chartered, a total of one hundred and seven, representing a total of over four hundred and



Mrs. Hoover, sponsor of the Talamanca and Segovia

cesful, presaging much for the future.

The Telamanca, and Antigua, three of the vessels of the new fleet, were at this moment on the Pacific Coast route from the Isthmus Panama to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Quirigua will be used on the east coast.

It was fitting that the last of the vessels should have the family name of Christopher Columbus as he sailed on west from the Azores.

Honoring the Memory of Robert E. Lee

A celebration that began in the Southland now extends over the Country, commemorating the Birthday of Virginia's illustrious son.

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

A LONG list of the illustrious in American history is revealed in the family records of the Lees of Westmoreland County, Virginia, but the name of Robert E. Lee, tenderly remembered and beloved in the Southland, stands out in world fame today. How fitting that in the year when the two hundredth birthday of George Washington is being celebrated, the people gather today, north and south, to do honor to a descendant of the Lee who was a close and intimate friend of the Father of our Country.

I never look upon a portrait of Robert E. Lee without thinking of Washington and the high ideal of honor and dignity which he maintained in national and family tradition on through the years of his eventful career.

His father, "Light horse" Harry, witnessed the surrender at Yorktown by the side of Washington, and delivered the immortal funeral oration on Washington in the House of Congress that has echoed on through the ages; "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens."

A dawn of even greater fame for the Lee family came at Stratford, Westmoreland County, January 19, 1807, when a blue-eyed babe was born to Ann Carter Lee in old Virginia. Twenty-two years later, the tall, handsome young son, who had secured an appointment to West Point through Andrew Jackson, was graduated and commissioned a second lieutenant of engineers. He had proved proficient in his studies, a quiet and modest young man, and was pointed out by classmates and comrades as one who was the highest type of young American manhood.

Wedding bells later heralded the marriage of the handsome chivalrous Robert E. Lee, and the beautiful Mary Randolph Custis, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, at the historic Arlington House.

Serving in the Mexican War under Zach Taylor and as chief engineer on the staff of General Winfield Scott, young Lee landed seventy surf boats with seventy-five hundred men at Vera Cruz under fire. Here occurred an incident of the Robert E. Lee idea of honesty. He paid over fifty thousand dollars in gold to a Texas ranger for mules that were necessary and which he could have commandeered. It was Lee's engineering genius that played a vital part in the decisive and comparatively bloodless victories below the Rio Grande. It was in 1858 General Scott paid this tribute to General Lee:

"My success in the Mexican War was largely due to the skill and valor of Robert

E. Lee. He is the greatest military genius in America; the best soldier I ever saw in the field; and if opportunity offers he will show himself the foremost captain of his time."

Prior to this he was superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and had served in suppressing Indian outbreaks. When he was sent to arrest John Brown at



Robert E. Lee

Harper's Ferry, he saved the life of the intrepid abolitionist, who refused to surrender, and had Brown and his wounded followers tenderly cared for.

When the shots were fired at Fort Sumter, came the great crisis in Lee's career. His sense of loyalty to the Union was intense. Although opposed to secession and deprecating war, he insisted that he could not bring himself to take part in an armed invasion of his home state, considering this act a breach of his oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

General Scott in command of the troops had Lincoln offer Robert E. Lee the command of the United States army as his successor, but six days later Lee sent in his resignation and the following week became commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces of Virginia. In addressing the home folks at Richmond, he closed with these words:

"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native state in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

In 1862 in the glow of successive victor-

ies, he emancipated one hundred and ninety six slaves, in accordance with the will of his father-in-law, G. W. P. Custis, a year previous to Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation. Lee himself had already freed his own slaves in 1854, while an officer in the United States Army.

Later when General Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac he recognized the genius of his former comrade in arms. In '63, after the Battle of Gettysburg, one of the most brilliantly planned battles of the world, in which the fortunes of war were against him and resulted in a retreat up the valleys of Virginia, General Lee tendered his resignation to President Davis by reason of physical disability, but it was denied by Davis in these words:

"To ask me to substitute someone in your command who would possess more of the confidence of the army or the reflecting men of the country is to demand an impossibility."

Reluctantly Lee continued in the great fratricidal struggle but continued brilliant military operations despite obstacles and handicaps. Military experts long ago agreed that Lee was the greatest soldier of his time.

With the little remnant of an army, he made a masterly retreat after the loss of his supply train and looking upon his starving soldiers, he concluded to face the worst at Appomattox.

I have heard a graphic personal description of this event from the lips of Robert Tod Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln, who was a member of General Grant's staff, and remained a great admirer of Robert E. Lee. He described Lee arriving in the new uniform presented to him by the women of Richmond, stately, dignified, and master of the situation—a picture of intrepid honor that shone out in the gloom of defeat. When Grant arrived in a blouse, mud-spattered after a long ride, the two army comrades of early days met and in a few minutes consummated a peace that has endured and reunited the sovereign states of America for all time.

Looking about, General Grant saw the devoted and ragged gaunt Confederate soldiers who had followed Lee to the last. Some were with the horses, they had ridden in many a dashing cavalry charge. Grant then called back the document that had been prepared and interlined the order that "the horses and side arms of the officers should be returned to them." He handed back to General Lee the proffered sword with which he had so truly exemplified American valor and heroism.

It was then that the silent Grant gave

Continued on page 113

Concerning Major Peyser's Busy Career.

A glimpse of the active professional life and public services of a Washington attorney who started at a lively pace years ago to secure some American citizen rights for fellow residents of his native District of Columbia.

YEARS ago I met a young lawyer in Washington who seemed to have a genius for solving puzzling legal entanglements. Persistent good nature allied with a keen trip hammer mind, working fast, talking fast, made an impressive combination. Even at that time he had unscrambled a bill pending before Congress that had evolved into a hopeless omelette, for he seemed to be able to define the border land between the yolk and the white in a broken egg.

When I wrote a story concerning him at that time I had little conception of what the future held in store for him. Today he is one of the leading lawyers and an institution in the National Capital, and is personally handling cases involving millions and is the receiver of hotels and other organizations, engaged constantly in liquidations, having a valuation reaching upwards of fifty millions or more.

Despite these increasing responsibilities, aside from conducting an extensive legal practice, Julius I. Peyser remains the smiling, genteel and energetic individual of the early days.

Along with achievements in the legal profession, during the war Captain Peyser at enlistment reached the rank of major rapidly. Efficient service brought him the high commendation from the office of the Secretary of War. As Chief of the Housing and Health Division, his legal ability was invaluable in the complicated rent cases. As a climax to efficient war work he rendered the War Department's interpretations of the Sailors and Soldiers Civil Relief Act of 1922; letter from Keppel, Assistant Secretary of War:

"* * In thus severing your relations with the Department, permit me to express my appreciation of the conscientious and able manner in which you have conducted the affairs of the Division. The results of your labor have proven of inestimable value not alone to the Department but to many employees of the Government who sought your advice and assistance. I feel that you had an important part in the war notwithstanding that your activities were confined at home."

His service in khaki was not concluded until long after the Armistice. That may be the reason why his friends, professional and otherwise, insist in addressing him by his well-earned military title.

Now for a biographic retrospect: Two days after the celebration of the Fourth of July in 1875, a son was born to Philip and Natalie Peyser in Washington. The dotting parents seemed to feel that the child

was destined for a great career, for their first thought was to see that little Julius had an education. The lad responded to the supreme wishes of his fond parents and came home from school with good marks. Graduating at the Georgetown University Law School in 1899 and the George Washington University a year later, he continued legal studies intensely until in 1901 he received the degree of Doctorate in Civil



Major Julius I. Peyser

Law from the School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, although he was admitted to practice three years previous.

A member of the firm of Darr, Peyser and Taylor, he withdrew in 1917 to accept a commission in the United States Army.

In the meantime, there had been sixteen years of activity in the legal labyrinths incident to many complicated cases that come to Washington that had sought his services and ability for entanglements.

Preparing an outline for the Ball Rent Bill for the District of Columbia, he continued in helping to frame the Salisbury Resolution passed by Congress in 1919 and won, in the Supreme Court of the United States, the first test cases involving the constitutionality of rent legislations.

Commander of the American Legion in the District of Columbia in 1925, Major Peyser followed up the legal kinks coming up now and then on behalf of his comrades. He is a member of the FIDAC organized July 4, 1920, which is a confederation of World War veteran associations of the countries allied in the World War with the American Legion the sole member society of the United States. Nine other countries are represented, including France, Great

Britain, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slovia. The name of the organization is in French, "Federation Interallies des Anciens Combattants," the initials of which make up the magic word, "FIDAC". The organization grew out of the conviction that the men who won the war should help keep the peace. They banded together with the purpose of influencing their respective countries to a tolerant judgment of the viewpoints of other nations and eliminate unnecessary belligerent gestures. The initial convention was held in France where the Constitution of the FIDAC was adopted "to maintain, foster and develop that spirit of comradeship which manifested itself on the battlefields of the World War and to use that comradeship in the cause of peace." The second convention was held in New Orleans, which was a dramatic gathering, but the convention in Washington of 1930 was a climax. Major Peyser was vice-president of the FIDAC for the United States at that time, and active in the arrangements that made it one of the most memorable semi-military assemblies ever held in the capital city.

With all these varied outside activities Major Peyser continued betimes an extensive law practice, besides serving as general counsel for the Congress and Parent Teacher Association; he is also Professor of law at the National University. Intense interest in the public schools logically led to his election as President of the District of Columbia School Association in 1923, and afterwards as member of the Board of Education. The two years that he served were lively times for the schools and affected some much-needed and invaluable improvements. Following this, he was elected president of the District of Columbia Bar Association and rendered active service as Vice-President of the Community Chest drive.

A schedule of a day's work covering his various activities finds Major Peyser accomplishing much, but he was not too busy to write two wonderful monographs on the "Influence of the Mosaic Code on the early settlers in the United States." He is also the author of a Case book on Equity.

As a native son of the capital city of the country, Major Peyser has served on three inaugural committees and was also active during the Hoover campaign without the hope of casting a ballot.

Whether lunching at the Carlton or in his apartment at the Shoreham, or even during the strenuous hours in court or office, Major Peyser maintains a steady poise, with a firm grip on his good humor. A

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A Young Man's Loyal Tribute to Harding

Defying the Forked Tongues of Scandals and the Slime of Scandal a young American arises to give the Truth concerning a Beloved President.

By RAY HARRIS

WHEN cheap publishing firms and disreputable persons malign a President of the United States it may be passed by as beneath notice. But when a college professor such as Allan Nevins writes a biography which is published in what has heretofore been an authoritative work (the Dictionary of American Biography) it is high time that something was done to combat the influence which such misrepresentations may have.

I am very gratified to say that since the publication of my protest in the New York Herald-Tribune I have received a great many letters of concurrence. Among them are expressions of tribute to President Harding from such men as General Dawes, Mr. John Barton Payne, Senator Capper, Senator Watson, Representative James M. Beck, Bertrand Snell, Robert Luce and many others. Former Postmaster General Harry S. New has termed the Nevins biography as "contemptible".

Warren G. Harding was a great and kindly man, who was the victim of a few false friends and cruelly maligned through ignorance of his real character and attainments. Those who knew him intimately testify that no man was more scrupulously honest than President Harding. None of the base charges against him have ever been supported by a particle of plausible evidence, and this fact is realized by the great body of the American public. If Harding had one fault of consequence it may be said that it was his great love and loyalty for his friends. He was incapable of believing that the man who took his hand and accepted his confidence could or would prove false to it. That this was not the case in a few instances only adds to the measure of President Harding's greatness. He transcended the petty and mean things of this world. Posterity will consider only the facts, and unsubstantiated slander will pass into the obscurity which it deserves. Without question even today all fair-minded, thinking people respect and honor the memory of the twenty-ninth President of the United States.

From the New York Herald Tribune:

The latest volume of the Dictionary of American Biography, now edited by Dumas Malone under distinguished auspices and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, includes a biographical sketch of the late Warren G. Harding.

In so many words the author states that the late President was a "weakling." A conclusion of this sort, of course, is entirely open to debate, and it is greatly to be regretted that a controversial opinion was included in a work which heretofore has been distinguished by authoritative, unbiased information.

There are many who believe, and the number is likely to increase from year to year as true facts come to light, that it was Warren Harding's unflinching adherence to the duty and the responsibility of his office, and the conscientious labor, which not only brought him to an untimely death but created for him the legion of enemies who have spared no effort to disparage and discredit his name. Political adversaries were then

for the choice. Fall had had their unqualified approbation.

Harding the Weakling is a myth, a malicious, revengeful appellation. He may have been an obscure Senator "made" by the organization. But practically every President has been the product of his organization. No President has been bigger than the organization that put him in office. Roosevelt thought he was. He was tragically disillusioned.

In the face of the irrefutable fact that there is not an iota of evidence to show that Warren Harding was ever aware of, or a party to, any unlawful practice in his Administration, the American Dictionary of Biography, on no other premise than popular supposition, has permitted a President of the United States to be maligned and forever recorded as "a weakling."

The case of Warren Harding is not Harding's tragedy, it is the tragedy of this generation. Warren Harding may have been naive enough to believe that the public at large would support him in his prosecution of unlawful elements, however powerful. A more appalling desertion is not recorded in our history. This generation has left Warren Harding to the mercy of scavengers.

President Hoover paid tribute to Harding at Marion, and the only cloud admitted to his remarks was the Harding had been betrayed by those whom he trusted. The greatest man in all Christian history was also betrayed, and Harding's name is unsullied, because none of his maligners have produced a particle of evidence to support base charges.

* * *

In closing, I may add that my estimate of Warren Harding is prejudiced, because he did me a kindly favor years ago which I had no right to expect him to do. But my prejudice for him has prompted me to search out all available evidence to substantiate that prejudice, and I feel that I am fairly well informed concerning the generally known facts, and I feel, too, that my prejudice is considerably better founded than the prejudice of those who have glibly accepted as fact every malicious rumor concerning the twenty-ninth President of the United States.

However, a member of Harding's Cabinet is now President of the United States, another member of the Cabinet goes to the Court of St. James's, still another is United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and hundreds, even thousands, of his appointees are still honored with trust. They considerably overbalance the record of Mr. Fall, or even the several others whose guilt has been established.



The late President Harding

and are now only too happy to give quick credence to most of these representations.

But Warren Harding authorized the prosecutions of war frauds which affected powerful political individuals in both parties. He instituted the prosecution against the unlawful acts of certain labor organizations. No President, perhaps, has hit so energetically at big and powerful interests. In the face of certain condemnation he discharged from the government service thousands of temporary war-time employees no longer needed. He organized the budget. He instituted the Veterans Bureau. These were not the acts of a "weakling," but of a fearless public official.

The only man convicted of unlawful practice in the Harding Administration is Albert Fall. Of all the men whom Harding named to the Cabinet only Fall was approved without the formality of having his name referred to the committee. The Senate, to a man, rose and especially applauded the appointment of Fall. The same Senate later shifted the stigma of this appointment upon a dead President, when, in fact, the Senate itself had been most largely responsible

Princes in Legend and Real Life

A glimpse of Royal Princes in Real Life compared with Heirs to Crowns — Sketches of the Loyal Servants of Spanish Royalty.

By NENA BELMONTE

PRINCES of legend! Princes that we read about when we are little children. . . Princes with golden hair and eyes blue like the sea. . . Prince Charming, with eyes and hair darker than the night. We used to dream of them in fairy stories.—

The Princes of real life. . . the Prince of Asturias and the Infante Don Jaime. . . Two princes of Spain—full of life and illusions—facing a new existence, re-shaping their futures—young men struggling with reality, but around whom the glamour of legend will always cling.

How different is their present life to that which they lived in Spain! Madrid, 1928. . . At the race-track, a crowd composed of people of all classes eagerly watch the races. With some friends, I walk up and down the paddock, looking at the horses. My betting finished, I move towards a good place. . . On the way, I pass in front of the Royal Box. There is the Royal Family. . . I look at all of them. . . The contrast between the Prince of Asturias and his brother, the Infante Don Jaime, is striking. . . The Prince, blond, tall, with blue eyes. . . smiling. . . Don Jaime, dark, with black hair and black eyes. . . an exact portrait of his august father. . . They turn their eyes in my direction—our gazes meet. . . We exchange greetings—Everyone is looking at the Sovereigns. I see women pointing them out to their little children. "That is the King", they say, "and that other one, the Prince"—The instinctive respect and admiration for Royalty.

A lapse of two years—then, Fontainebleau. 1931. . . I have been living there for several weeks. . . The Royal Family in exile are staying at the same hotel. . . I see them almost every day.

On the last morning before I shall return to the United States, I have arisen early and gone out for my last horse-back ride through the marvelous forest of Fontainebleau. Upon my return, I have found a friend, an American lady, drinking a cocktail, and I join her. She admires very much Don Alfonso and his family. We start talking, and a few moments later, the Infante Don Jaime has come down for his morning walk. I get up and he approaches. . . I look at him—He is the same as two years ago. . . very handsome, very dark. . . charming, full of life and pep. . . He looks more mature, however. . . He is no longer a youth, already a man.

"How are you today?", he inquires smiling—a smile that is very similar to that of his father.

"Very well, Your Highness", I reply, "getting ready to go back to the United States."

He makes a comic gesture, as if greatly surprised.

"Not for long, I hope", he says.

"At least for a year, Your Highness", I reply.

"A year!" he exclaims, "But, that is too long!" And, then, always charming, he adds "But you will come back, won't you?"

I assure him that I will. We talk for a few moments more and then, shaking hands



King Alfonso XII of Spain now living the life of an Exile in France.

warmly, he departs. I gaze after him. . . strong, healthy, attractive. . . a great young fellow!

My friend and I watch him as he goes through the gates of the Park.

"He looks exactly like his father", she says. "At the beginning of my stay here, I used to mistake him for the King."

She is right. Not only in his face and his figure does he look like Don Alfonso, but in his manner, in his walk, his actions, he is an exact portrait of the King.

We resume our conversation, but very soon we are interrupted.

"The Prince of Asturias wants to see you", the concierge says. "He asks you to call at seven-thirty this afternoon."

A bell-boy has gone immediately to tell His Highness that I will see him at seven-thirty. I remember the past. . . so different to the present. The protocole gone. . . everything so simple and unpretentious!

At the appointed hour, a bell-boy comes in search of me. "The Prince is waiting", he says, and, still in sport-clothes, I follow him to the small sitting-room of the Prince.

He is there, smiling, and greeting me kindly. He is still the same charming boy that he was in Madrid—tall, blond, handsome, an expression of kindness in his face.

We talk for a long time. There are moments when I forget that he is the Crown Prince of Spain. He seems like a typical, good-natured American boy, full of energy and oh, so idealistic—a delightful friend to chat with. . . We talk about a thousand and one things—Spain—the dreadful thing that happened.

"It was very sad," he says. "I don't understand it. We loved them so much."

I mention some of the Republican leaders.

"They have some very bright people", he answers. "I hope they will do well for Spain."

I cannot help admiring his words of praise for the people who have robbed him of what he loved best in life—Madrid!

Afterwards, he asks me about the work young men do in America.

"It is marvelous the way men are trained over there", he continued after my explanation. "They are right! Every country should have the methods of the United States."

Then he inquires about the social life, the cost of living, the charming American girls.

"I hear they all are very attractive", he says, smiling and, adds, "I don't know. All I can say is that those I have met were simply beautiful."

Seriously, I inquire, "Why does not Your Highness come to the States? Everyone would adore Your Highness over there."

He brightens up and, after a moment of silence, says, with another smile, "I am sure I would love to, and be sure I will do my best to go soon as I possibly can. . ."

I scrutinize him again. He is now offering me a cigarette. Yes, I am sure, that Americans would just adore him.

He inquires about my writing and has kind words for my work. He also talks about my love for sports.

"I have seen you riding horse-back every day", he says, "and if you weren't riding,

Why Youth Will Fly

Bubbling Youth must go up and out and over — To keep ahead of a Decade Ago — One of America's Ace Aviators Describes Experiences with his son.

By LIEUT. ROBERT S. FOGG

THERE is a saying "trite but true" that "Just as sure as grandfather walked and father rides in automobiles our children will fly." "But not if I can help it," I hear many parents reply but that's just it, you can't help it.

The march of progress is inevitable and where Junior now demands a roadster for a graduation present, soon it will be an airplane and fond parents will be poring over catalogs and pondering whether it should be a monoplane or biplane, open or closed, five cylinders or seven and so on. Since it is inevitable the best thing to do is to face the facts and give him the benefit of your counsel.

Why should they want to fly? Now that the airplane has reached the stage of a swift and reliable mode of transport it is fast being adopted by new classes of people for a rapidly growing number of new purposes.

Whether the final purpose of a flying student is pleasure or business, there is always uppermost in his mind the lure and thrill that no other experience of this modern age can equal. The sensation of freedom and exhilaration when skimming through the clean, pure and boundless stretches of air, out-winging the birds in their own element cannot be adequately described in words. Only by actual personal experience can one appreciate the gripping attraction of this latest development of modern civilization. Flying not only provides a new and stimulating physical pleasure, but also brings into our daily life an added and delightful point of contact for our social activities.

Flying as a sport has no equal for thrilling sensation. As a personal accomplishment and from the social angle it is the last word in "smartness."

The number of practical and valuable uses to which the airplane is now being adopted in modern life is increasing with startling rapidity. A few years hence the man who does not fly will be in the position of a travelling salesman using a horse and buggy in this age.

Youthful enthusiasm must be curbed and guided by the mature judgment of parents.

Two years ago a young college student in an eastern city saved enough money from his allowance to surreptitiously take flying lessons at a nearby airport. Unknown to his parents he eventually "soloed," bought an old second hand plane and put in the necessary time for a license. One day his father suddenly appeared on the scene just in time to see this old "crate" come to a perfect three

point landing and out stepped his own son. We will omit the scene that followed but father did some fast and heavy thinking. Inwardly he was pleased with his son's initiative. Inquiry among the fliers revealed the fact that his son had natural aptitude and had been doing very



Lt. Robert S. Fogg and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

well. Then father gave in and came to the sensible conclusion that if his son was bound to fly the least he could do would be to provide him with an air-worthy plane and he promptly bought him one.

I can well remember the early days of automobiles when as mere "kids" we could "spot" the makes of various automobiles when still at a distance. We knew bores, strokes, wheelbases and other specifications by heart and waged heated arguments over the respective merits of "selective" and "progressive" gear shifts. Now listen to a bunch of kids at an airport. They talk of "props," "inertia starters," "balanced controls," "high lift wings" and other "jargon" peculiar to aeronautics. And do not think they do not know their stuff. Many a time I have had to think fast to answer their questions and their young minds are veritable encyclopedias of technical information. The average high school boy of today knows more about airplanes and flying than his busy dad ever will know. They are growing up with it and as a matter of course will naturally adopt it.

My own boy began making cross country trips with his mother and myself in the cabin plane at the age of seventeen months. To him it was no different than a railroad car. While speeding along at 100 miles per hour he would play on the carpeted floor with his toys until tired and then recline on the couch for his nap. Now he presses his eager face against the windows fascinated with the ever changing panorama passing beneath. Occasionally he will ask "What city is that?" or "How high are we now?" Last summer he had his fifth birthday and it was a task to keep him from making every trip seated beside me in the co-pilot's seat. One day while flying from a lake the wind was "off-shore" and it was necessary to "taxi" out on the lake quite a distance before taking off. I noted a quizzical expression on his face and then he turned to me and said "Daddy why don't we go up?" I explained to him what it was necessary to go out first and head into the wind. A few days later a similar occasion arose with a load of timid passengers taking their first flight. A middle aged gentleman tapped me on the shoulder and nervously said "What is the matter, why doesn't it go up?" Before I could answer Junior turned around and with a disdainful look on his face said, "We've got to head into the wind." Now I ask you, how would you have felt?

Yet I am like any other parent, I worry about his crossing the street on the way to school, sliding down steep hills and have steadfastly denied his pleas for a bicycle because of the danger attached thereto.

Already his sensitive fingers follow me on the dual controls and I know that all too soon he will be flying home from college for the Xmas holidays in his "Air Coupe." And when we go into the airport to see him off I suppose his mother will admonish him as mothers do and say "Have you gas enough?" and "Look out for other planes."

Yes, the flying age is here and thanks to constant improvements in planes and motors the air is fast becoming a safer and saner mode of travel.

Crowded highways are rapidly taking the joy out of motoring. Furthermore motoring is far from a safe method of travel. Glance at the staggering accident statistics for the year 1931 in which 34,400 persons were killed and 997,600 injured in automobile accidents.

A decade ago the record of the Army Air Corps was one man killed for every 1718 hours of flying. For 1930 and 1931

Continued on page 114

Career of John Kendrick "Cowboy Senator"

Stirring events in the life of the United States Senator and former Governor of Wyoming in the making and "Winning of the West."

DROPPING into the office of Senator Kendrick I thought of a story going the rounds of Capitol Hill about the Democratic senator which appeared in a Wyoming weekly newspaper concerning his encounter with mountain lions some forty years ago when he was a young cowboy.

Two cowboys were riding the range along Cheyenne River when they "jumped" a big mountain lion on Walker Flats. One of the "punchers" took a swing at the beast with his lariat, and missed. Young Kendrick then swung his rope and caught him around the flanks. The first man then looped the lion around the neck and the trained cow ponies pulled the ropes taut, leaving the beast squirming and threshing his big body on the ground. The question was what to do with lion now that they had him. Kendrick walked toward the beast, which measured eight and a half feet in length, and cut his throat with a pocket knife.

This incident is characteristic of the young lad born in Texas of forebears who migrated from Massachusetts to Virginia, on to Georgia and then on to Texas. The name Kendrick is in the list of early Pilgrim residents at Plymouth.

Reared among the Texas rangers, as a boy in his teens, young Kendrick drove thirty-five hundred steers from Texas to Wyoming. The charm of the wild country fascinated him. Returning for another herd of cattle, he decided to locate on the Lusk, Wyoming, ranch, becoming foreman at thirty dollars a month. Even then he insisted that he would have remained if there had been no other remuneration than the privilege of living on a Wyoming ranch.

Identified with the development of the territory even before the days of statehood, the late Senator F. E. Warren and Senator Kendrick became the outstanding men of the State of Wyoming. Like his colleague, Senator Kendrick served first as governor and later as senator, now entering upon his third term.

Although seventy-three years of age, he still rides the range during vacation days, and is counted one of the best posted members of the United States Senate upon affairs of the interior of the country. A Republican Senator recently remarked when asked some questions concerning the west, "Let's ask Kendrick,—he is our bible on western problems."

Elected senator in 1916, he played an important part in solving war problems. Just now his heart is set upon the developments of peace times, including the Casper-Alcova Reclamation project.

A member of six important committees, Senator Kendrick finds his senatorial duties suited to his life training and experience. These committees include Public Lands and Surveys, Irrigation and Reclamation, Indian Affairs, Appropriations, Agriculture, and Forestry. This list would seem to incorporate all of the high points in the Interior Department, and Senator Kendrick might well be accounted one of their experts in the practical sense of the word. Modest in manner, cool-headed in

senator in "The Country Gentleman."

"Senator John B. Kendrick is one man in the United States Senate who bears a distinction that is unique, a distinction of which he is more proud than of any other of the many great honors that have come to him in a long eventful and most fruitful life. He is the only man, in the stirring history of Western development following the Civil War, who drove a herd of cattle over the Northwest Trail, from Texas to the northern plains of Wyoming and Montana, and finally landed in the United States Senate.

"John B. Kendrick, of Wyoming, has been called the Cowboy Senator. If we can believe all the romance that has been woven about the lives and works of the riders of the plains, it is an appellation that fits the senator supremely well.

"But it is many years since John B. Kendrick graduated from the bunk house where the cow-punchers gather when the day's or night's work is done. From a cowboy on the Northwest Trail, he became foreman in Wyoming, then superintendent, and finally sole owner of one of the greatest ranches and largest herds of cattle in the Northwest.

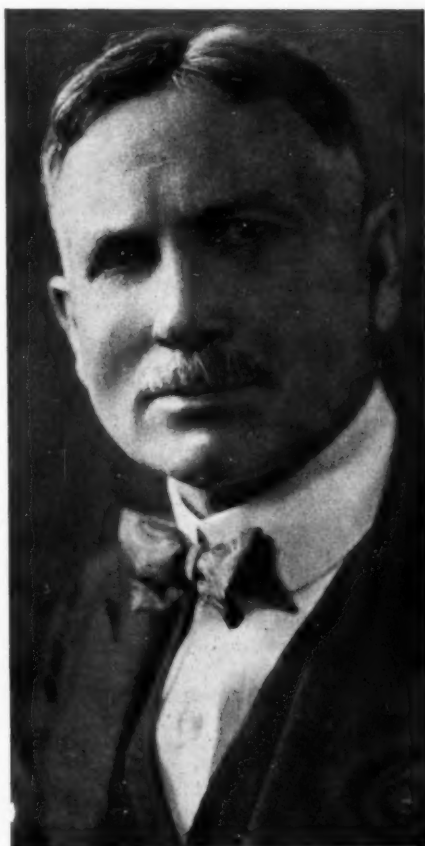
"A dozen years ago he moved from the old OW ranch house forty miles from town and built for himself and family a mansion in the little city of Sheridan. Out in Northern Wyoming they call it "the palace on the hill." John Kendrick, with his customary modesty, and with a very deep significance, named it the Trail End.

"This did not prove to be the end of the Kendrick trail. Successive steps took him to the state senate, then to the governorship, and finally to the United States Senate.

"Senator Kendrick is still a cattleman, and a big one. Through recurrent depressions, including the period of 1920-24 and the present time, when the range cattle industry is almost smashed beyond recovery, the Senator brought his ranches and his herd through intact.

"He did it by recognizing years ago that the open range conditions must inevitably change, that ranching must be put on some kind of reasonable business basis, that cattle must be saved if they would be sold, and providing for that kind of future.

"He owns much of his enormous range, and leases the additional areas needed. He owns the meadows and creek bottoms, largely irrigated, where thousands of tons of hay are put up every summer for winter feed. He raises practically pure-bred stock, by use of pure-bred sires over a period of more than forty years. And he came through the 1924 depression with 9,000



Hon. John B. Kendrick
U. S. Senator from Wyoming

his deliberations, fearless in his convictions, Senator Kendrick has a most enthusiastic constituency in Wyoming that is not limited to party lines.

Elected governor and United States Senator on the Democratic ticket in a state normally Republican, John Kendrick is one senator who does not have to worry about his political fences at home. He rides a wide range of usefulness.

Some years ago Mr. Malcolm C. Cutting wrote as follows concerning the Wyoming

breeding cows still in the herd, on his own 100,000 acres of land.

"He was born in Cherokee County, Texas, on September 6, 1857. Left an orphan at an early age, he was reared in the family of relatives in Cherokee county Texas. His father and grandfather had been interested in cattle, and the earliest recollections that remain to him today are of vast herds of longhorn cattle roaming the Texas plains.

"John Kendrick made his first trip over the Northwest Trail in 1879, and the memories of those eventful days are seared into his brain. Charles W. Wulfjen, a Texas drover, had been ranching in Wyoming for several years, and he returned to Texas to take a herd of cattle over the Trail. Young Kendrick, signed up as a rider with the herd.

"Imagine, if you can, the prospect before them. Three thousand head of half-wild cattle to be driven from Texas to Wyoming by seven riders, with a foreman, a cook and a horse wrangler. Fifteen hundred miles of unknown territory to cover, semi-arid and practically uninhabited, with the trail and adequate grazing and water to find along the way.

"Five and a half months were required to make the trip, from the middle of March to the latter part of August, traveling fifteen to twenty miles a day. It began at Matagorda Bay, Texas, continued through Indian Territory - now Oklahoma - through Kansas and Western Nebraska and ended at the head of the Running Water creek in Eastern Wyoming where Wulfjen's ranch was located.

"Five hundred miles they traveled at one time without seeing a habitation of man, and a thousand miles without sight of the enclosure of a fence. Never during the whole trip were they under any kind of roof, not even a tent, for a period more than thirty minutes and only once or twice in five and a half months for that length of time.

"To the stifling heat and insufferable dust of the day's drive, were added frequently the most terrible of storms by night, with drenching rain and a Gargantuan bombardment from the mighty batteries of the sky. Standing night guard over the uneasy herd under such conditions, or sleeping in the open with nothing but a blanket between their shivering bodies and the raging elements was an experience upon which Senator Kendrick now looks back with an almost unbelieving eye.

"On the Running Water, during his ten years as a cow-puncher, there was a period of five straight years when he never went to town. While the bunk-house gang were blithely relieving themselves of the burden of the monthly wage, Kendrick was staying by the ranch, saving his money, and studying about the cattle industry.

"Not long after he came to the Northwest with Wulfjen he was made foreman of the ranch. Then a much larger outfit on the Running Water bid for his service, and with considerable regret he tied up his pack, saddled his horse and went. This outfit was owned by Eastern men, and very

shortly he was appointed superintendent of the ranch.

"In 1889 he moved the entire herd of 30,000 head up to the Hanging Woman country, a vast area draining with its tributaries into the Hanging Woman Creek in Northern Wyoming and Southern Montana. This was all government land, but he turned the herd loose, put up a ranch and occupied it for ten years without the shadow of a title to the land.

"In the meantime the Eastern owners of the OW ranch, planning to retire from the cattle business, had been reducing the size of the herd. From 30,000 head which arrived there in 1889, the number was gradually diminished until there were but two or three thousand in less than ten years.

"Then they insisted that their superintendent succeed them in the ownership of the ranch. This was the great day for which he had been saving and preparing all his younger years. A satisfactory deal was made and John Kendrick came into his own in 1898.

"He saw that the day of unlimited free range must inevitably come to an end, and that cattlemen must provide themselves with at least the nucleus of their own range, by ownership or lease.

"Situated up in the Hanging Woman Country, with its network of creeks between the Tongue and Powder Rivers, with its verdant bottom meadows and its fine hill pastures the OW Ranch was an ideal place in which to put these theories into effect.

"John Kendrick's first concern was ownership of the land on which the ranch buildings were located, which concern was something of a novelty among cattlemen in those early days. Then he began to purchase the creek bottoms near at hand, on which he depended for grass and water for summer range, and on which hay could be put up for supplemental winter feed. Then came the contiguous hill pastures, which must be reserved for winter range, when the snow would provide all the water the cattle need.

"When the World War came on he had acquired considerable holdings of land, largely in disconnected pieces, and he had increased his original herd to approximately 15,000 head. At the close of the war deflation must inevitably come, and in 1919 he sold every beef animal that could be sorted out of the herd at some of the highest prices ever known in the cattle industry.

"Then came the depression, 1920 to 1924. Having disposed largely of his market stock, and owning his own range, Senator Kendrick was in much better condition to carry his breeding stock through that period than many men who lacked the foresight he had revealed in the meeting of emergencies.

"Senator Kendrick suffers no qualms over the possible extinction of the cattle industry in the West. He is still building confidently for the future. On the LX Bar he has one of the finest ranch layouts in all the West, every building constructed of stone and cement, permanent and complete down to the last detail.

"But Senator Kendrick has suffered some of the vicissitudes of the past few distressful years, and he realizes full well the extent of the catastrophe that came to multitudes of cattlemen not so favorably situated as himself. But he retains some fixed ideas on the fundamental trouble with the beef business during this period."

There are certain areas of the cattle range, in the west that provide feed that makes for the finest of beef. These sections have been carefully studied by John Kendrick from early manhood. Pictures on the walls of his office of various herds prove that he knows good grass. The cattle from the ranches owned by Senator Kendrick reveal sturdy wholesome stock. The view from the "OW" Ranch is an inspiring pastoral view amid the Rocky Mountains. The sweep of the wide horizon from the ranch retreat in which he and his charming wife lived in early life, suggest the breadth of view, and broad sympathies of Senator and Mrs. Kendrick that had so favorably impressed Washington folks since their arrival in the Capitol many years ago. Home to them has the ring of hospitality as it does "out where the West begins." The love of books and the things worthwhile that pervaded the ranch prevail at the home in Washington which presents the welcoming atmosphere of Wyoming, the state that has so long freely given John Kendrick the highest honors it can bestow on any citizen.

Few men give more thorough and conscientious service in the upper house of Congress than Senator Kendrick. Whether in the committee room with its long hours of patient investigations or upon the floor, the senator from Wyoming is classified as one who can always be depended upon in the line of duty, but it is in the service rendered his constituency that Senator Kendrick has set a standard approximating the full and complete responsibilities of a United States Senator to the mass of the people. Every call and request is met in a gracious way marking the manner of the man.



A view of the "OW" Ranch in Wyoming owned by Senator John B. Kendrick

The Mythical Menace of Militarism

Frank B. Kellogg, Author of the Pact for the Outlawry of War, commends, as do others, the Function of Military Schools in the United States.

RELIABLE figures on the subject are especially scarce, but it does not involve much mathematical conjecture to recognize the fast-growing number of "cadets" in the undergraduate scheme of things. The number of private military schools has steadily increased during the past ten or twelve years. The Secretary of War is authority for the statement that there has been an increase of the total enrollment in the R. O. T. C., since 1921, approaching 30,000. And this figure, of course, covers only those units specifically authorized by the War Department. The great majority of military preparatory schools is not included in the R. O. T. C.

Archibald Rutledge, whose best literary work is in the field of poetry, undertook recently to write a scathing denunciation of military schools. He started off very unconvincingly with an alleged conversation between himself and a military-school student. To Mr. Rutledge's horror, this fellow had no accurate recollection of certain historical personalities, and no knowledge whatever of literary values. The answers to Mr. Rutledge's questions were intended to be amusing, and they were. But there is a book entitled "Boners", entirely made up of such schoolboy "answers", and I am told upon reliable authority that the majority of these "boners" were made by average public school students. If he is under the impression that this type of intelligence is peculiar to military schools, it is apparent that there are many who could tell him of similarly unbright pupils elsewhere.

The point to the academic side of this question is in nowise involved. Public High Schools, controlled by State agencies, impose a certain standard of qualifications upon those who would teach in the State's schools, and the curriculum for all such schools is made up by educators thoroughly capable of the task.

In the private school—and the "military" school is but a group of the private school system—it is usually up to the

Head of the school to select his faculty and plan the curriculum. Thus any private school may be pretty accurately prejudged by the character of the man who is at the head of it. It may be admitted that there are schools controlled by men unfitted for their work, and whose policies are controlled by financial expediencies. But where the head of such a school is a man of broad education, with qualities of real leadership; and, if he has sufficient capital to pay his instructors something approaching what they could expect else-

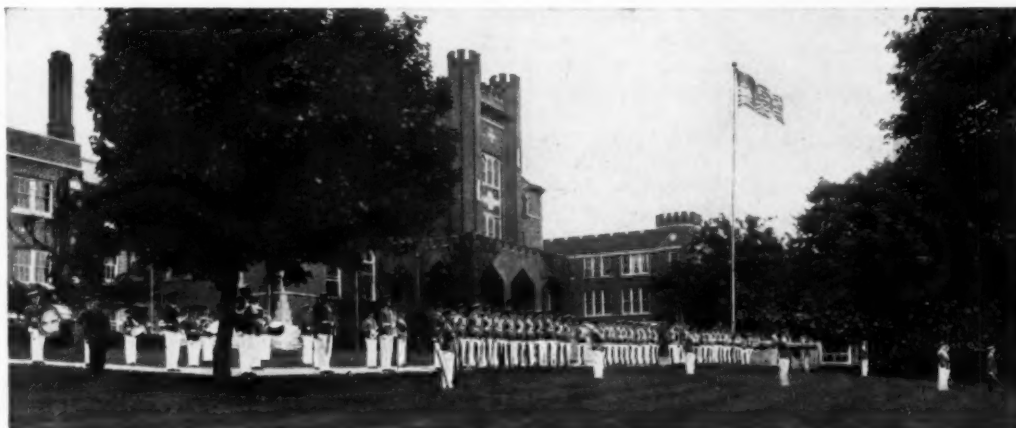
schools is typical of the bombastic generalization which has characterized, to a very large degree, much of the discussion of this question. But it is the word "Military" which kicks up all the dust, although the criticisms might very well apply to any private school—of which many have no military department whatever. The one shaft directed specifically at military schools is the highly imaginative assertion that these institutions are "hotbeds" of militarism, encouraging the impulses toward War. These charges are

reiterated with irritating regularity in certain "Church publications".

Not so very long ago, during the time that Frank B. Kellogg was Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg sent a fairly long letter of greeting to Massanutten Academy in Virginia. The letter commended the school for "the important

part it has played in the education and training of youth during these years" and expressed the hope that it "would be rewarded with a still larger measure of success in its service to the youth of the country". And this from the man who wrote the International Peace Pact outlawing War!

The martial music of military bands, the colorful flags, and the marching of uniformed men has always had an irresistible fascination for youth! If life at a military school does anything at all, it does demonstrate just what lies behind the military display. Young men are brought very promptly to the realization that military life is not "one glorious parade". The romance is taken out of it. I have talked with many boys at military academies, and I have yet to know the cadet who has come to believe that War is a glorious or attractive thing. On the contrary, actual records will show that many boys entered military school with enthusiasm for the "soldierly" life, and have entirely lost their desires for an Army career, going on to College and preparing for other professions. Those



The evening salute to the colors at Massanutten Academy, Woodstock, Virginia, one of the representative military academies of the South.

where, the academic standards are very apt to be considerably superior to the average school.

And so the academic standards in the private school are very much a question of the individual school, entirely unrelated to the military features. Dr. Lowell, at Harvard, says that any distinction between the academic work of students who have come to Harvard from military schools and those who have matriculated in public schools has been negligible, and, in fact, has not even been brought to his attention in any instance he can recall. The Dean of Men at Stanford University made practically the same statement, and added that in the qualities of mental alertness and leadership he was personally acquainted with a number of students from military schools who had been outstanding in those qualities.

So the generalization that students graduating from military schools have received inferior academic training is a conclusion based on isolated instances, which may have a counterpart in any school or in any school system.

Mr. Rutledge's tirade against military

Washington, Two Hundred Years After

A new Biographical sketch of the Father of His Country written after visiting the scenes associated with his eventful career in the light of two centuries after.

By JOHN E. JONES

PERIODS of depression have always followed in the wake of wars, and every generation has had its experiences in "reconstruction," "getting back to normalcy," and "readjustment." In all such crises the money systems and situations suffer from damaging upsets. Banks fail, Credit gets the "jumps," and expands and contracts so fast that things blow up like iron boilers suddenly subjected to rapid changes of hot and cold water. The victors of the Revolution were faced with every device and manner of trouble (except stock exchanges) and chaos spread over the land.

The new country was saddled with debts, and the slang phrase sometimes heard to this day that "it is not worth a Continental" was the estimate of the value of Continental currency. Poverty and suffering existed among the patriots as they saw conditions drifting from bad to worse, and naturally they wondered whether they had not been chasing rainbows of hope in trying to set up an independent government in place of that in London.

The Congress of the Confederation was not getting anywhere. It lacked character and effective organization, and when it attempted to raise a little money to carry on its affairs it was blocked by the States, which not only were unwilling to furnish financial aid to maintain the central Government; but worse still challenged every Federal act or movement as an infringement of "states rights"—even as now when a 200th birthday is the occasion for national recognition.

Through it all the Revolutionary patriots looked to Washington, in retirement at Mount Vernon, to find the way out. No ruler in the history of all the World ever won such Faith as the American people had in him. To them he was the "miracle man," and they clamored for his return to public leadership. And of course he answered the call, and of course he succeeded. Even though George Washington never saw an adhesive postage stamp in his life, his likeness is pasted on letters and communications that go to every part of the World; and the postage stamps are but an incident of the Bi-centennial.

The re-planning of Washington in connection with the great building operations now under way has taken the advanced price of land and the convenience of electricity and elevator service into consideration, but building a dozen stories is the limit of height for any building. New York City has sent up a 1248-foot high skyscraper, but the peaks in Washington are reached by the Capitol dome at 287 feet

five and one-half inches, and the Washington Monument (555 feet.)

The estimated cost of rentals for housing Government business in Washington in 1930 exceeded a million and quarter dollars. Could the founders ever dreamed of so great a Capital? This fact alone explains the great Government building plan now in operation.

During Presidential inauguration in late years the parades marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, from which the hand of time and commerce has taken much of its original attraction. It is fortunate that the ancient thoroughfare that for a hundred years was the pride and joy of the Republic is being reconstructed, and reconcentrated; and with a certainty it will meet the expectations of the most patriotic and enthusiastic visitors who make their pilgrimage to the National Capital.

Congress issued orders for great groups of new public buildings to house the Government, and specified that they should combine "high standards of architectural beauty and practical utility." That injunction is being carried out most effectively, and beautiful new office buildings, conservatively-Governmental, a few stories in height, are planned or in course of construction along Pennsylvania Avenue, and in the heart of a vast area of parkway adjacent to the famous thoroughfare. The new parkway between the Union Station and the Capitol, the removal of the temporary war buildings, demolishing of smoke stacks, and the landscaping of avenues and drives, is but a part of this magnificent plan to make your Capitol attain, at last, the ambitions of Washington and Lincoln, and those who have lived within the limits of the District. As the great throngs of visitors behold their National Capital for the first time, they are certain to find absolute satisfaction and joy as Washington, the beautiful, reveals itself to their appreciative eyes.

It was before Washington became the Nation's Capital that the Government and the States, under President Washington, agreed upon vital questions, influenced by high feelings over war debts. Through the adjustment of those debts the District of Columbia became the seat of Government of the United States.

The Government had assumed the payment of that portion of those debts which it had incurred in the prosecution of the Revolution, but the States complained bitterly when it came time for them to meet their obligations incurred during the war. Finally, it was agreed that the Government would assume all State debts, and

to clinch the argeement and satisfy the North and South, the National Capital was established on the Potomac River. President Washington was asked by Congress to select the exact spot, and with Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant he arranged the plan for the city, in 1791. This was the beginning of a Capitol City that was to become the most beautiful in the World.

In olden times the heights of buildings was influenced by the price of the land on which they stood, and the length of stairways that would have to be climbed. Our magnificent colonial mansions were designed and modeled in accordance with Georgian and other old styles of European architecture. Those who have been fortunate enough to visit Monticelli, outside of Rome, saw the original of Jefferson's inspiration for his Virginia mansion. The best specimens of English and French homes were patterns for early American home builders.

Two centuries have revolutionized and changed nearly everything that was early American. But with the years our veneration increases for the founders of the Republic. We are puzzled, but not disturbed, by the evidence that Washington himself, was not as universally popular in his lifetime as he has become since.

Time heals its wounds and death buries its hatreds. The evolution of human thought, by the aid of obliging and enthusiastic historians, artists, sculptors, and a somewhat temperamental American public has exalted the great patriot in the two hundred years following his birth into a traditional figure, who is often described as having captivated his Native State in his teens, influenced the proceedings of the Burgesses in his thirties, and swept forward with one success after another until he arrived one day at Boston and drove the British out, while he was still in his early forties. Supposedly he proceeded South by slow degrees, because his soldiers had no horses to ride and must therefore go afoot. The colorfulness of his career shone afresh as he rode across the Delaware standing beside a bright banner in the front of a boat (on a dark night,) and killed a lot of Prussians and captured the balance of the next morning before most of them knew what was happening. In due time, many of our hero-worshippers are content to believe, he arrived at Yorktown, defeated the great British General Cornwallis, and then hastened back North to clean up odds and ends and put his farm in order so that he could get ready for the Presidency. After that the people and Congress did everything he told them to do, including moving the seat of Government from Philadelphia,

which was the most attractive city in the Nation at the time, to the marshy banks of the Potomac, which he and the Frenchman L'Enfant had figured out could be made the most beautiful Capital in the World.

Well, at least, the latter miracle was performed. But the true story is entirely different. For no man in American public life ever faced more opposition at every turn, than Washington. He had the patience of the Galilean. As Jesus, the son of Mary, lives as the symbol of Christianity, regardless of how much fault individuals find with their religion; so also lives George, the son of Mary Washington, who has become the symbol of freedom and liberty, regardless of how much fault individuals find with our Republic. In Washington's lifetime he was an outstanding example in inspiring the patriots to overcome every form of opposition, no matter how difficult or impossible it might seem to be, that stood in the way of their absolute freedom and independence.

The Fight for the Constitution

The great object stated by Washington to be "essential to the well-being" of the new Republic was "an indissoluble union of the States under one Federal head." But two years after the war had been won a call was made for a convention at Annapolis to consider questions that were disturbing trade and commerce between the States, and only five states responded. Washington was so disturbed that he wrote Jay in 1786: "I do not conceive we can exist long as a nation without having lodged somewhere a power which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority of the State governments extends over the several States."

Massachusetts started the ball rolling again with a rebellion led by Captain Daniel Shays, a Revolutionary hero, against the miserable condition of public affairs in that State. The disturbance was ominous because no one knew where trouble might break out. Public attention was aroused at last and there was a general demand for a stronger central Government. Indifference disappeared as if by magic and the result was the Constitutional Convention held in Independence Hall, at Philadelphia May 13 to September 17, 1787. Then, strangely enough that great patriot of Virginia, Patrick Henry, declined to attend. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, who had helped to precipitate the Revolution, and who was another one of the splendid patriots in the new country, declared his objections to "a general revision of the Confederation." Jefferson was in France, John Adams in England, but most of the powerful members of the old guard who had stood by Washington in the Revolution were in attendance. In addition "new men" with all the fire that their elders had put into the long drawn-out contest were on hand to "see things through." Washington presided over the sessions of the convention that lasted four months. Again the Nation turned to him as their natural leader, and the commissioners and the people felt sure that their difficulties would be solved at last.

The Constitution had represented the symbol of peace to Washington, and he had often spoken and written of it as such.

When it had been adopted, and on the night the convention adjourned he wrote in his diary:

"I returned to my lodging, did some business with, and received papers from, the secretary of the convention, and retired to meditate upon the momentous work which has been executed."

Political opinion was still divided, and a few weeks after the convention had adjourned its fate hung in the balance. A bitter fight against ratification was precipitated in Virginia, which State finally swung into line.

"Without Washington's influence, it is safe to say that the Constitution would have been lost in Virginia, and without Virginia the great experiment would probably have failed," wrote Lodge in his history of Washington.

Washington as President

The meeting of Congress under the new Constitution, March 4, 1789, marked the very beginning of our present successful form of Government. Washington had appealed for the election of Federalists to Congress because he wanted the party that had secured the approval of the Constitution to control the affairs of the new Government.

There was no division when it came to selecting the President because those old statesmen were patriots first of all, and they knew that it was Washington who had brought them thus far, and they had no trouble to recall that time and again when they had all felt "it couldn't be done he had accomplished the impossible." Accordingly he was their unanimous choice for President.

The inauguration occurred in New York, April 30, 1789, and a handsome statue adorns the spot at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets where he took the oath of office. In that hectic center of American finance the bronze countenance appears at times puzzled as it faces the strange scenes and beholds the changes that have occurred since the days of the simple inauguration, before Wall Street became almost as great a tower of strength and power as the Capital City located on the Potomac.

Following the ceremonies Congress and the new President marched on foot to the nearby St. Paul's Church to ask the guidance of the All-Wise Father in their undertakings.

They were earnest, devout men, and they laid the foundations of their Democracy under which the Nation has enjoyed bountiful prosperity and happiness.

Washington's aim was to promote a strong Federal government that would be supreme in National power. As President he exercised supreme command, which did not prevent him from getting along amicably with the parties and factions that were forming, and planning for ultimate control of the Government.

He had spent his life moulding the human material of a pioneer country into shape. He had conscious pride and satisfaction in realizing that as a soldier he had led his people in achieving the freedom of their country, and that the masses of men and women trusted and depended upon his leadership. Now he was to engage in

the field of statesmanship, and just as he had mental qualms of doubt when the Continental Congress sent him out to command their armies so again he questions his abilities and qualifications.

"In our progress towards political happiness my station is new, and, if I may use the expression, I walk on untrodden ground," he wrote. "There is scarcely any part of my conduct that may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. If, after all my humble but faithful endeavors to advance the felicity of my country and mankind, I may indulge a hope that my labors have not been altogether without success, it will be the only real compensation I can receive in the closing scenes of life."

The history of nearly a century and a half of American government shows that many statesmen and public servants have succeeded by following some of the methods that brought success to the two Washington terms. There never can be another Washington, but in his time, as now, the successful organizer, the mind tolerant of other's opinions, men who work at their jobs and devote their energies, and intelligence to the conduct of public business are most likely to succeed.

Washington and Jefferson were as far apart as any two men of their period, and it is doubtful if there ever was any strong degree of friendship existing between them. While Washington was fighting in the Revolution with his back to the wall Jefferson was contented to withdraw from the general cause to become Governor of Virginia, in which position he devoted his talents to building up a high-class state government. Washington was a conservative; Jefferson almost a radical. Nevertheless, Washington gave Jefferson the principal portfolio in the new Cabinet, because he knew that the latter represented a cross-section of public opinion, and although Washington must have realized that he was courting trouble he calculated that the new Government would be strengthened by the brilliant Virginian.

Jefferson showed partisanship for France and he illy concealed his deep prejudices against the British. He was poor at dissembling, and lacked the firmness and determination of the President. He sought to smooth out difficult situations and reach friendly understandings by employing deliberate methods. Washington respected his Premier and trusted in his loyalty, but the President met the situations of foreign relations in his own way. He believed that all foreign governments should quickly understand that even though the United States was in swaddling clothes that it must be considered and treated as an equal among nations. France was frequently assured by Washington, himself, that the United States was grateful for the great help that had been rendered by that Nation. Great Britain was exacting, and adjustments with London were most difficult. British diplomacy then, as now, constituted her greatest strength in her foreign relations.

France became overbearing and upon more than one occasion practically demanded preference over other foreign nations, until Washington finally convinced the

French that he was President of a great Republic and not of a fraternity or a club.

And Britain was not slow to realize that Washington was as strong in the position of Executive head of a peaceful Government as he had been as a commanding General in the war.

Alexander Hamilton was chosen for Secretary of the Treasury and although he was bitterly assailed at times by his political opponents, he left a record that impressed future generations, and in our own times he is frequently referred to as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury." Edmund Randolph of Virginia, who had refused to sign the Constitution in the convention, but who afterwards supported it, was appointed Attorney General in the new Cabinet. Henry Knox became the head of the War Department.

The Supreme Court for a long time was the battle ground of varying political ideas and issues that were most bitterly contested after Washington was gone, and particularly when Jefferson was President and John Marshall was Chief Justice. But the Constitution has proved impregnable against its enemies from the day George Washington wrote his signature on the document.

President Washington declared "that the due administration of justice is the finest pillar of good government. I have considered the first arrangement of the judicial department as essential to the happiness of the country, and to the stability of its political system. Hence the selection of the fittest characters to expound the laws, and dispense justice has been an invariable object of my anxious concern."

That policy seems likely to endure for all time.

The attacks upon Washington must have been almost all he could bear up under during his last term in the Presidency. "He was assailed with unbridled license," says Wilson's History of the American People, which relates that he was charged with being "an enemy and a traitor to the country; had even been charged with embezzling public money during the Revolution; was nearly threatened with impeachment, and even with assassination; and had cried amidst the bitterness of it all that he 'would rather be in his grave than in the presidency.'"

Often in our own days when politicians and partisans spread their slander and hate it has remained for the masses to re-affirm their unfaltering faith in a true leader. The transparent deception of "laying the blame onto the President" was not unique in Washington's case, because we have witnessed the same bogus methods of politicians who have tried to destroy other heads of our Government. But the human processes remain in operation by which history and time arrive at proper balances and give proper credit to Presidents who have been willing to lay down their lives in devoted service to their country.

It is heartening to study the record of President Washington through his two administrations while he was constantly assailed and abused in the newspapers and in Congress. The politicians hungered for power and spoils, but they never shook the faith of the people, or lessened public confidence in George Washington.

On Washington's birthday in 1796, the House actually refused to adjourn for half an hour and follow out the custom that had been observed in former years of paying their respects to their Chief Executive. Instead he was insultingly called vile names on the floor of Congress.

Washington had few regrets as the time approached when he would end his career. He had fulfilled his destiny.

Towards the close of his second term as President Washington wrote "these counsels of an old and affectionate friend:"

"In reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error. I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest."

Return to Mount Vernon

The Washingtons returned home, to enjoy their last days. From the Capitol he had once written: "I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two, than attended here with all these officers of State and representatives of Europe." Martha had declared at the same time that she led "a dull life," hemmed about by restrictions, and which caused her to "become obstinate and stay at home a great deal."

Mount Vernon in those days was a comfortable home on the Potomac. Before Washington enlarged it, the Mansion was about half the size it is now. As lovely as it is, as the Bi-centennial approaches, it must be remembered that the glory of the place is mostly sentimental, because it *was* the home of a great man, and a noble woman, whose lustre brightens with the passing years.

Washington at Mount Vernon wrote in his diary on December 11, 1789, that there was wind and rain, and "at night a large circle round the moon."

The next day he went out on horseback over his estate, in a storm, and returned drenched. At three o'clock in the morning he called Mrs. Washington. Messengers were sent hurriedly for the doctors. Washington asked his wife to bring him two wills, and when she complied he directed her to burn one, which she did. That night he died, and his sorrowing widow at his bedside declared: "I shall soon follow. I have no more trials to go through."

The funeral was on the front porch, where visitors stand to look through the vistas stretching out over the Potomac as the majestic river winds its way to the Chesapeake Bay.

The Evolution of the Nation

The Bi-centennial bids us pause to look back upon the past and to contemplate the future. The two hundredth birthday of George Washington has awakened a tremendous spirit of enthusiasm which has

stirred the souls of the descendants of a people who had no Nation of their own when the foremost person in our history was born.

Even one hundred years ago the new government of the United States was a frail reed in the fields of World governments. Came 1861, with the secession of Southern States and a civil war that threatened to destroy the Union; then long years of bitter sectional strife and insecurity, with a period of "depression," which was called the "panic of 1873." There were bitter attacks upon the Government, and intemperate and unjust attacks upon the Presidents of the United States during many of those black years. President Hoover, patient, indefatigable worker, resourceful, and strong leader of his people, has encountered just such conditions and times.

Our past history is quite definite in revealing that real stability in the affairs of our National Government were not attained in 1776, or at the victory of Yorktown, or on Appomattox field. By the slow processes of the evolution of the nation it was somewhere along the time that Herbert Hoover was born amid humble surroundings in Iowa that we were on the highway of recovery following the Civil War. It was not until then that the strength and stability of the United States could be no longer be doubted.

George Washington "started" this Nation. That is why he is enshrined in our hearts as the *symbol* of our liberty and freedom. We think of him in connection with our traditions, our growth, and our success as a Nation. Proud is the man or woman who can trace his or her ancestry back to the Revolution and establish a forefather who served as a soldier under Washington. How dear to our hearts is the great Washington Monument in the National Capital, unblemished even by the historical fact that the original "resolution" for a monument was passed in Congress in 1783 and the dedication held in 1885—a century, plus two years.

The world moves fast nowadays. This was demonstrated by the speed with which the engineers and workmen completed the beautiful Arlington Memorial Bridge and the Mount Vernon Boulevard. On January 16, 1932, President Hoover headed an official group on a tour of inspection of the bridge and boulevard, and upon the return to Washington those avenues of travel were thrown open to the public for the first time.

The Lincoln Memorial in Washington seems to beckon to the former home of Robert E. Lee across the Potomac on the Virginia hills. This magnificent Colonial home of the Lees descended to them from George Washington Park Custis, grandson of Martha Washington, and adopted son of George and Martha. Custis was the father of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. This old mansion is popularly spoken of as Arlington House. It is here in the Arlington National Cemetery, where rests the Unknown Soldier, the dead of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World War, and a great number of prominent officers of the army and navy. William Howard Taft was the only ex-President buried at Arlington.

Following California's Flying Governor

The Chief Executive of the Golden Gate State feels he must keep an American Eagle Eye over the Pacific Space and so he takes to the Air more than ever.

By ETTA MAY SMITH

CALIFORNIA'S "Flying Governor" as Governor James Rolph Jr., is known, flies to most of his out-of-town engagements. At present he has over seven hundred flying hours to his credit.

By use of the airplane Governor Rolph is taking the Governor's office to the people. During the first nine months of his term of office, he has personally visited fifty-five of the fifty-eight county seats in California, most of the visits having been made via airplane. He hopes to visit the remaining three counties before the end of the year.

Asked why he preferred the airplane for travel, Governor Rolph said, "The coast line of California is one thousand miles in length. The state covers an area of one hundred fifty-eight thousand square miles, the average length being seven hundred fifty miles. By flying from Sacramento, which is in a central location, I can reach either end of the State within two and one-half or three hours. Train service requires up to sixteen hours running time for the same distance.

"While I enjoy flying, I use the plane in state business for the purpose of speed and accomplishment, which train or automobile transportation would make impossible.

"I use the regular scheduled plane service if there is a route my way; otherwise a special plane is chartered for my use. During the flight I utilize my time by working on business matters or my speech for the next meeting."

"Weren't you a bit frightened to fly the first time?" I questioned.

"No. I have never had any fear of flying. The first time it was a queer sensation, but flying is just as natural now as walking down the street.

"My first airplane trip was in 1914, when I was Mayor of San Francisco. I flew across the San Francisco Bay with Silas Christofsen."

"Does Mrs. Rolph enjoy flying too?"

"No. Mrs. Rolph has never had the desire to fly. She never flies with me.

"You know a Governor's record for flying, don't you?"

"I believe I do. I have flown in the air over seven hundred hours. At one hundred miles an hour that makes my flying mileage over seventy thousand miles.

"The airplane will mean much to the development of California," continued the Governor. "It will bring the East and West closer together.

"And the airplane is a fine thing for the

business man, too. He can live out in the country a hundred miles or more from the busy crowded cities."

"No doubt you have had some pretty close connections in your air travel from one engagement to another," I said.

"Yes, I have to keep flying right along to fill all my engagements. In July, I left Sacramento in the morning and arrived at



California's Flying Governor, James Rolph, Jr., takes off on official flying trip, having already flown over 700 hours.

Governor Rolph always wears a gardenia in coat lapel, and fine boots on his feet, having never owned or worn a pair of shoes.

El Centro, on the Mexican border, five hundred miles south of here, in time for the big Imperial Valley watermelon festival that afternoon. That night I went to Mexicali, Mexico, to sleep.

"The next morning I drove over to California and chatted with the Governor of Baja, California. Driving back to El Centro I breakfasted with the Junior Chamber of Commerce there. At 8:30 A. M., I again took to the air, and stopped for an hour in Los Angeles, to interview office seekers. By 1 P. M., I was back at work at my desk here in Sacramento, feeling fresh and fine after an air journey of a thousand miles, and attending a half dozen affairs in the day and a half.

"Another time I had a close call on my

time. I left my office in the Capitol here at 11:50 A. M., and at 1 P. M., I walked into the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, for a luncheon program that was being broadcast. Flying back, I was here in my office again at 3 P. M., to keep my appointments."

"Didn't you make a flying trip to meet Mayor Walker when he visited California last Spring?" I questioned.

"Mayor Rossi of San Francisco, and Senator Thomas Maloney flew with me from Sacramento down to Palm Springs to visit with Jimmy Walker of New York. We made the trip in two hours and forty-five minutes in the Gilmore Plane, piloted by Colonel Rosco Turner."

Always progressive, Governor Rolph arrived at the California State Fair grounds on September 5th, the opening day, in an auto-gyro.

The first ten days of September were crowded with festivities in Central and Southern California, and Governor Rolph flew five thousand miles in order to attend the various important functions.

The "Flying Governor" not only flies through the air, he flies through his work. He has the ability to get things done. He flies high and he builds high. The City Hall in San Francisco was built under his direction during the period 1913-1916, and is thirteen feet, seven inches higher than the National Capitol at Washington.

Governor Rolph not only holds a flying record, but he holds a record for long term mayors, having been mayor of San Francisco from 1912 to 1931, nineteen consecutive years.

* * *

"Sunny Jim", as Governor Rolph was called for many years before he became Governor, is truly as sunny and sociable as he is speedy at flying. He is never too busy to greet a stranger as well as a friend.

It matters not whether the Governor is flying through the air, busy in his office, or attending a social function, he is sure to be wearing a gardenia in his coat lapel and boots on his feet. He has a large variety of boots for different occasions, having never possessed or worn a pair of shoes.

The "Flying Governor's" new official stationery bears a replica of the State Capitol building with a tiny airplane circling about the dome. It will doubtless be but a short time until Governor Rolph is the proud owner of a plane of his own.

Yes, California has truly put wings on its Governor.

From Winter to Summer - By Air

A flight to Florida and return on the Eastern Air Transport Condor planes proved popular with a flying editor on the utility of travel by air - A cross country coast tour covering thirteen city airports in seven days.

AMERICA is surely becoming air-minded. The specter of Fear that brings on deflations retarded the development of railroads, steamboats and automobiles and travel by air. It has been

aviation appear by comparison a source of safety in human locomotion.

Air travel is no longer a fantastic dream—it has come to stay. Winning its way to popular favor along the same lines

When the Manchurian neutral commission were to survey these horrors, it was the airplane that proved messengers of peace, because they revealed the tragedies of the bombing machines in which thousands of civilians and non-combatants were ruthlessly murdered without a chance of self-defence. This has aroused the world to a consciousness of the cowardly unsportmanship of war. General Frank Ross McCoy, the American member of the commission, was ready to fly when the battles first began in Manchuria, but other members of the commission clung to the old methods, keeping close to *terra firma* and delayed observations which have since proved important in informing and influencing world sentiment towards definite and effective outlawry of war as a means of military international disputes.

Travel by stage coach was more picturesque than by railroad. Motor car travel is still more matter of fact than steam transportation, but air travel is fast becoming an economic commercial necessity. It develops a definite saving of time and money and will make it still more popular, utilizing giant flying machines to supplement railroads and steamship lines in long dis-



Interior of one of Eastern Air Transport's Condors

vanquished—through experience tests and understanding.

A speaking tour assigned to me from New York to Florida and return within brief dates covering thirteen cities, made transportation by air the only way of covering the schedule reaching cities thousands of miles apart. Came the comments of friends shuddering, "Aren't you afraid?" as they thought of so many hours "in the air." They pointed to the newspapers where airplane accidents are graphically reported in all parts of the country. Now I have little sympathy for self-heroics, so I went over recent records. Thousands and thousands of automobile accidents occurring at the same time are only counted as local casualties. In my own circle of acquaintances one of my friends had slipped on a rug a year ago and was crippled for months; Another had struck his ankle on a doorstep and limped for six weeks; another stumbled in the bathroom and broke his arm, and not one was mentioned in the papers. If all these and similar unnoted accidents could have been collated in one issue of a newspaper on day and date, it would have made

through which all progress passes, it is proving a logical sequence to the demand for accelerated communication, the same as radio and wireless. More speed is possible without vexing problems of bad roads and grade crossings; it will help to quicken and revive the pulse of business. Spanning rivers and harbors without millions in bridge construction, it has brought within the view of humans, unknown and unexplored regions of the mundane sphere. Scientifically, the world is providing a knowledge of a new dimension that fits in with the dreams of Einstein and his revolutionary theory.

Aviation may be even now playing an important part in bringing about a cessation of hostilities in the Orient. A revelation of the gruesome human slaughter as witnessed from planes has aroused the consciousness of the world towards the uselessness of bloodshed. The observations from the air give a perspective, focusing the grim realities of the atrocities of armed invasion. All this landing of invading force and for what?—to slaughter humans and add to the misery burdens of the world.



Miss Beulah Unruh, hostess on the Eastern Air Transport System. Crossing the oceans and even circling the globe may some day come within the plan of a fortnight holiday. The record of a trip around the world in a little more than eight days, made by Post and Gatty, has more than made the wildest

dreams of Jules Verne and the tale of the magic carpet—a reality.

The necessity of becoming air-minded indirectly and directly is today recognized as a line of first self defence among nations. Prediction by enthusiasts is already confidently made that the youngsters of today will be as familiar with airplane transportation as they have been with bicycles and motor cars. Most of them can tell you all about an airplane right now. Many boys throughout the country could sit down and build a plane, on an hour's notice if he had the engine and the parts.

Recognized by the Government in the amazing developments in the Air Corps of both the Army and Navy departments, aviation is proving a factor in restoring confidence in the stability of the country—blasting out billions of currency hoarded and in hiding. In the Department of Commerce under Colonel Clarence Young in the development of new trade air lines and mail routes established under Postmaster General Brown by Act of Congress, Uncle Sam is realizing that the same encouragement given to the railroads and steamship companies must be accorded the air lines. Amateur activities are a matter of national insurance, providing a reserve force for national defence in the training of mail pilots as potential scout flyers in case of war emergency.

Airplanes operated by Robot mechanical pilots are already an accomplished fact. Several hundred miles in the rear of an real battle front danger zone a mother ship can control a fleet of combat planes without a human pilot aboard. Combat planes start out with pilots who leave the ship with a parachute, while the armed planes go on automatically firing volleys according to time clocks without endangering a single human life of the attacking force.

A thrilling sight to look below and see the shimmering dancing shining electric lights of Philadelphia and New York with-

and open all available avenues for emergency. Air route lights are today as essential as lighthouses along the coast.

Through radio triangulation airplanes are able to locate themselves to the airports below accurately at any time. The startling new developments in fog-penetrating lights assist in safety, while giant floodlights at airports make nocturnal landing as safe as on a sunny morning. The gyrocompass and other new instruments have made blind

sation, but the realization that air travel is a practical utility abreast of the times, with aviation added as an essential to modern transportation.

These thoughts came surging to my mind as I hopped off for a trip to Florida from New York covering the three thousand miles over the Eastern Air Transport System. Dreams are coming true to those who face forward to play their part in the activities of modern times.



A Curtiss Condor at the passenger station at Atlantic City, N. J.

flying comparatively safe. Who can foretell what future developments will accomplish as air travel extends and expands in covering a larger area than motor cars on the highways? Incidentally it may help solve the parking problem.

Every airport has a refreshing reminder of Mother Earth to let her know that we had not altogether deserted the terrestrial globe. The sense of security is strong in Florida for there are plenty of landing spots, some of them may be deserted real estate locations, but what boot it? The cleared portions provide havens for ships in forced landing, to say nothing of the wide stretch of sandy beaches that looks like an inviting landing if necessity required. But somehow, one never thinks of fear as he sails along in and around through the clouds and becomes air-minded.

In the army training, the boys are first so thoroughly saturated in the airplane vernacular and ground tests that they have no fear when they finally take to the air for a solo flight.

From winter to summer by air was a flying tour that confirmed my air-mindedness. It was no longer the thrill of an adventure nor the novelty of a new sen-

After making trips by air in Europe, Asia and Africa, it remained for this particular flight to establish firmly in my mind the necessity of established air routes in the whirling routine of everyday affairs.

Exhilarations of war days in France were recalled when I found myself at the airport in Newark, N. J. ready to fly to Florida. It was a winter day with the sun peeping a welcome above the horizon. The golden winged ship with eighteen passengers, after warming engine tests, was soon sweeping up and on toward Trenton, "crossing the Delaware" above the ice that Washington combatted on his victorious retreat, all before I had thought of saying goodbye. Ceremonies are eliminated at an airport, all so neat and cosy and well furnished, a contrast to the crude railroad stations of early days. Regulations signs eliminate official surveillance. The atmosphere of Youth is there. Ropes indicate the propeller is no place for lingering formalities. When you think you are going—you are gone, soaring on the wings of a modern Condor ship at an altitude suggesting the Andes. Mother Earth fades away in a perspective from heights surpassing Mt. Pisgah from which was viewed the "Promised Land." A new appreciation of the beauties of forest and field sweeps in upon aerial vision. A great map unfolds to view the silver sheen of lakes and rivers, while the skyscrapers of cities and the steeples in towns below seem like a scene in Toyland.



View of Atlantic City, N. J. from the air.

in the hour. The geometrical outline of streets and parks; and the stately luminated towers made it seem as if a dreamland was as real as a childish faith in fairies. Beacon lights have made night flying safe

on highways. With scarcely a sense of moving in the air above, they were all left far Far below was a barge creeping up the Raritan Canal. On a parallel line was a fast moving express train, and motor cars

of meteorological observations, not only in the area in which he travels, but to all points of the compass. Every wind and brewing storm cloud were known to the man in the cockpit, armed with information

the great Lincoln and Washington Moun-ments, beneath presented an architectural symphony. The new Washington Memorial Bridge seemed like a crown on Arlington hills where sleeps the Unknown Soldier.

Down the Potomac the ship saluted at Mount Vernon. River banks were outlined in geometrical percision. At Richmond a change was made to the Kingbird plane. Six passengers, all snugly stowed away, were off again in a few minutes, munching sandwiches in Lindbergh fashion. Leaving old Virginia, we landed in Raleigh at lunch-time. Airline tables do not give time but measure the route in flying hours and minutes.

Dreams of Ponce de Leon and the site of that spring of Eternal Youth came to mind as we crossed the borders of the state named for flowers. The skyline of Jacksonville, named for Old Hickory, Andrew Jackson, the first governor, touched the borderland of fronded palm, orange trees and blazing azaleas—a summerland within a few hours flying of the chill winter winds of New York.

Racing motor cars below were left behind as the airplane skimmed for miles over the Daytona beaches. Palatial castles amid

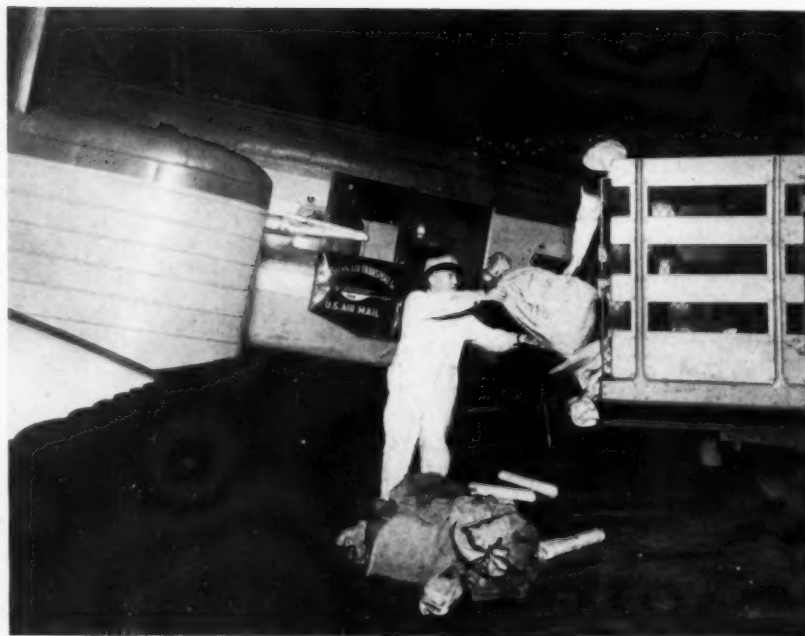


Curtiss Condor flying over Atlanta, Ga.

behind as we bounded through the billows of clouds in the pulsing ship, swifter than any bird that ever skimmed the skies or any hurricane that ever blew, one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Drone of motors came through the curtain of cotton in both ears. Then the gum! Now I understand why Will Rogers flies—it gives him an excuse to chew more gum. My jaws kept the pace until I landed in Florida, where they continued in action at a radio broadcast at W. I. O. D., the "Isle of Dreams," heard by friends in New York to whom I had failed to say goodbye in New York that morning.

Hostesses young and sprightly who travel ten thousand miles a week—ten times around the world in a year—serve sandwiches and coffee and make it seem a glorified Pullman service. Settling down, I dozed, read, smoked and even chatted with a companion in high pressure tones. There was a seventy mile headwind, but what of it? It followed the contour of the land, so up we went, eight thousand feet above the cross current, and sailed along on placid seas. Every thousand feet the temperature went down three degrees. They turned on the steam. Pilot and the co-pilot scanned the horizon like true sailors of the skies, watching every mark by land, sea or sky, keeping eyes on emergency landings—always located a few minutes away—and ears to the voice of the motors.

With instrument board before them sit these new masters of the airships, knowing exact altitude, direction, speed, wind current and watching for conditions that might interfere with visibility. Ears to phone, the pilot was in constant communication with the airports enroute, receiving details



Unloading the mail from the Curtiss Condors at Newark Airport.

far beyond the ken of human eyes. No curves or passing "cut in" to watch through the windshield. No cinders, dust, or smoke, but exhilarating ozone whistling in through tiny adjustable ventilators that make electric fans obsolete.

Approaching as gracefully as a soaring eagle, we saw in the distance a northbound plane. Pilots greeted each other with a graceful dip of the ship that signalled "All's well." With apparently the entire state of Delaware lying in the horizon, the plane swooped down on oystered Chesapeake Bay and Baltimore.

Circling over Washington, the dome and

waving palms signalling victory over old man Weather, appeared in the social halo of Palm Beach and Boca Raton.

Fires had already started in the Everglades. The smoke of the burning peat was rising high. Through the clouds the airplane glided on upward. The smoke created a hazy veil between the ship and the earth. On this floated tiny black clouds like islands presenting a celestial and mundane surface at a glance. The gorgeous suns t with spears of sunlight shooting out like the armament of sentinels awaiting the curtain of night. In the skies were a moon and a sun. Viewing this picture of Luna

and stars and sun on the great blue background brought the longing for the genius of an artist to preserve one of the ever-changing sunsets that last for a few fleeting moments and are gone forever.

Beneath was the skyline of the magic Miami, the turquoise waters of the Biscayne Bay and the purple shadows rimming the shore line of the Keys. The towering royal palms rustled a greeting in balmy tropical breezes. Below were the causeways crowded with automobiles which seemed like little beetles moving toward the beach, carrying the bebies of bathers seeking a dip in the surf. The frigid winter winds left behind were forgotten in the summerland a few hours distant.

New maps of the world mark as radical changes in the routes of travel as were wrought by railroad routes in decades past. The world is coming close together. In the airport at Miami was a veritable babel of tongues as a stream of passengers from foreign shores landed from the air to set foot on the soil of the America discovered by Columbus sailing west from the Azores.

Teletype machines are used in airports to keep track of the movement of airships succeeding the ticking telegraph used in dispatching trains. Teletype is an electric typewriter and printer combined, with which the operator can talk to other teletype operators on the system by simply writing what he wishes to say. The reply comes in written form a facsimile of the note as it was sent. In some cases it has supplanted the telephones because of the accuracy and speed, keeping up the airplane pace. The necessity of making personal

ley, and an enduring tribute to the first successful achievement of the Wright brothers on the sand dunes of North Carolina at Kittyhawk. A flight of one hundred feet ended with a crash, but established for all times, the possibility of heavier-than-air locomotion, giving mankind a firm control of the air as a new channel of transportation.

A new generation, dauntless and fearless, have since come on, exploring the dizzy altitudes, reaching the stratosphere beyond where a bird may live, scaling heights where oxygen is carried from earth in order that man may breathe and engines function in the newly explored spheres of infinite space.

At Florence, South Carolina, one could almost smell the iodine with which garden trucks of South Carolina is laden, bringing a new health virtue to products raised in the Palmetto State. At Charleston, we had a glimpse of Fort Sumter, a dot on the map, where the first shot of the Civil War was fired. At Columbia, South Carolina, we passed over the largest dirt dam in the world, the Saluda Dam, that furnishes power for one of the largest power projects in the South.

if a million ducks were clustering about the old rice fields. Here was that group of islands where many nations fought for supremacy.



Miss Madeline Moon, hostess on the Eastern Air Transport System.



Interior of the rear compartment in a Curtiss Condor of the Eastern Air Transport System.

alls to deliver a direct individual written messages is eliminated and many errors avoided.

The large metal ships now skimming the skies in all quarters of the United States, are indeed a tribute to the genius of Lang-

Down over the historic Coastal country of Georgia where Sea Island cotton is grown, reeking with historic interest, the great tidewater flats were lined with curving streams that seemed like jugular veins in smiling fields of green. It would seem as

Daytona is the junction point of the air lines in Florida. From here, the ships go to Orlando, that thriving center of the citrus belt, the great hills groved with trees standing out in military precision. If the semi tropical empire of Florida could have been seen from the air by the thousands of prospective purchasers who could have realized what a vast extent of land still remains, there would have been no rush for fifty thousand dollar corner lots.

Ever since the days of Gasparilla, the pirate chief, there has been an alluring charm associated with Tampa and the Gulf Coast of Florida. Within five minutes, we swept across the famous Gandy Bridge and arrived in St. Petersburg. It all seemed like a dream, going hither and thither,—as if the watch must have stopped betimes.

Leaving Miami after noon, the clock was striking half-past four when we hove in sight of Atlanta. We had passed over the pecan country, the tobacco belt, and below were the irregular fields that made it look like mother's crazy quilt. The yellow fields and rivers were soon changed to the red clay, and after leaving Macon, the ship sailed in toward the hills of Atlanta. Peach trees had already put forth their dainty blooms, suggesting the pink cheeks of blushing beauties. Was not that the famous Peachtree Street, below? From "Atlanta to the Sea" by air, then landing at Savannah recalled Sherman's historic march as a ghastly dream of Civil War days before "flying" played its great role in outlawry of war.

Treading on Sweet Violets

A reminiscence of the late Ellen Terry during her American tour when she greeted the college boys and girls in the United States in Shakespearean English.

By NETTIE WYSOR

IT was in the late spring of the tragic year of 1914 that Ellen Terry made her final tour of the United States as an impersonator of Shakespeare's women.

I happened at the time to be on the faculty of the South Carolina State College for Women. Our president, the late Dr. D. B. Johnson, whose pride in the institution was without tether, determined that it should have the distinction of opening its doors to Miss Terry, newspaper announcements that she was to be booked for no engagements south of Washington to the contrary notwithstanding. What wires he pulled to demonstrate that where there's a will there's a way I do not know, but the manager of the tour finally agreed to his proposals, special trains were run from neighboring states for the occasion and the coveted guest appeared on schedule time.

Preparations for the great event were highly exciting. Pages of foolscap from the manager left no room for misunderstanding of what was to be done for Miss Terry's comfort.

She had once written after an earlier tour: "No wonder Americans shiver at our cold, draughty rooms. They are brought up in hot-houses." But her intolerance of "hot-houses" did not take into account the freaks of South Carolina weather. It was expressly enjoined, therefore, that all heat be turned off and that there be abundant ventilation on the stage.

Now there were small windows for lighting purposes only, high above the stage, which were never opened; but so eager were the officials of the college to carry out instructions to the letter that by means of a long ladder the dusty windows were reached and for the first time in their undisturbed existence made a thoroughfare for the breezes.

Another item on the agenda was that whatever was intended to be "said with flowers" must be a *fait accompli* before Miss Terry's arrival: all flowers must be in her dressing room. Whether the pyramidal flower stand for the stage was constructed by the college carpenter I do not remember. At any rate, it was designed to support and conceal the Shakespeare text, set in giant type for age-dimmed eyes, a precaution against the proverbial forgetfulness of the great actress. The arrangement was both effective and effectual. By good fortune it was the season of violets and jonquils. The campus was resplendent in purple and gold, and the students of the college gathered masses of them with willing hands and leaping hearts; for were they not about to experience a thrill that few of their generation could boast of in after years? Their Eng-

lish professors had seen to that. The violets were not just violets that day, but incense to the art best loved of youth. The dressing-room salutation was given a distinctive touch, too, by the use of Indian pots from the Catawba Indian reservation near the college. Altogether, it was a colorful and exceptional greeting from the year at the spring, no detail of which was lost on Ellen Terry. Her delight was like a child's. When told there were three miles of violet-bordered walks on the



The late Ellen Terry

campus, she exclaimed, "Oh, I should like to tread upon them!" No doubt the crushed American purples would have responded as happily to this diversion as did the English daisies to the feet of Maud.

The manager had asked that tea be served Miss Terry as soon as she arrived, and care was taken to do this English fashion, with the richest cream obtainable from the dairy farm. The courtesy brought forth the hearty remark, "I could drink a gallon of it!" She was well nigh as good as her word too! With the simplicity of all great people she spoke of "pailing the cows" and other activities on a farm, recalling, perhaps, the years she herself lived in retirement in the country.

This ceremony over, the president's secretary asked her if she wished to be introduced to the audience by the president. "The president of the college?" she asked with real reverence for achievement in her tone. "I should love it!" And so Dame Ellen remained in the background until our president had warmly welcomed her to

the Southland; then as he bowed to her, she took him by the hand and to the wild delight of the students led him to the front of the stage to receive with her the thunderous applause.

In the meantime, it had suddenly turned cold, with a brisk wind blowing, and Miss Terry was soon shivering in her beautiful Greek robe. She cocked her eye inquiringly at those soaring windows, she hurried her shoulders significantly, and finally she asked if something could be done about "that draught." Alas! nothing could be done except turn on the heat and shut all the windows in the auditorium near the stage, but I fear the temperature of the stage itself was still inhospitable and those American hot-houses of an earlier time were metamorphosed into something like refrigerators.

But whatever her physical sufferings were, it in no way affected the quality of her interpretations of Shakespeare. If my memory holds good, she gave us scenes from "The Winter's Tale," Portia's mercy speech, and much of "Romeo and Juliet." To use Dr. Furnivall's words, she made spots in Shakespeare bright in our memories forever. The dash of impishness in Ellen Terry, her dignity, her deep wells of emotion, and the witchery of her personality combined to enable her "to sweep on to the stage and in that magical way, never, never to be learned, fill it." This tribute she in her "Story of My Life" pays to Mrs. Stirling playing the Nurse to Terry's Juliet, one of the many instances of her generous appreciation of fellow artists.

The Juliet was especially impressive—the travail of that ardent young soul, her utter loneliness when, after her refusal to marry Paris, she is insulted and disowned by her father, forsaken by her mother, betrayed by her nurse. It awakened fresh wonder at the sureness with which Shakespeare "pursued at will his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart."

Miss Terry's presentation of the tomb scene was the more moving because of this sympathetic preparation for it. Juliet's pleadings with those who were her natural protectors, her forced dependence upon her own wisdom, her half distrust of the good priest, her final brave defiance of fear—all seemed to converge in a single cry of dismay when she realizes the necessity of death by her own hand. Yet the tragedy of his play of mighty contrasts was not overdone, but glorified by the beauty, the high courage of immortal love.

Dear Ellen Terry! Ah! she's dead of late—treading on violets, no doubt, somewhere in the sweet fields of sleep.

Seeing the Sights Back in old Virginia

The Traveler finds many surprises in the caverns of the Shenandoah and the valleys and mountains in the Old Dominion State that remain unrivalled in scenic and historic interest.

GO where you will the world over, when an American hears the refrain of "Carry me back to old Virginy," he thinks of home. The Old Dominion State is something more than the birthplace of Washington and seven other presidents.

During the days when the dogwood was in bloom I made a re-discovery of the area associated with the earliest English settlement on the continent. While I had studied all about John Smith and Pocahontas in the school books and had read much concerning this land of early English settlement, I never did entirely know Virginia until I made the pilgrimage in Apple Blossom time and fell under the spell of the valley of the Shenandoah.

What a varied picture the history of Virginia presents, covering a range of interests that are so all-inclusive as to entitle the Commonwealth to the distinction of being termed a dominion. This later visit was primarily for the purpose of inspecting the new highway, a project quite characteristic of the initiative individuality of the state.

These later days find the mountains and the valleys of Virginia traversed by incomparable highways, and now comes the forty mile Skyline trail-boulevard in process of construction on the crest of the Blue Ridge through the new National Park, which even surpasses the wildest dreams of the pioneer road builders. It will be finished by June 1932. From an elevation of thirty five hundred feet at any and all points a magnificent sweep of Piedmont is seen on the east, while on the north and south there is a wonderful view of the mountains as the motor speeds along. On the west is the Shenandoah Valley and the Alleghenies flashing through the gaps. It is a fitting climax to the consummation of the project of the National Shenandoah Park. The Mother of States has indeed an empire of good roads, and best of all, they have built on the plan of pay as you go, instead of putting the burden of taxes on future generations. The development of superb highways has stimulated an interest in marking reverently every spot of historic interest, so that tourists may see and read their history as they ride by. The rapid completion of these new highways has made the state a veritable mecca for tourists. It has confirmed the record-

ed tribute of Captain John Smith, written perhaps in the glow of honeymoon days, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." This is more than true in 1932.

My first romantic interest in Virginia was in reading Thackeray's incomparable novel, "Henry Esmonde," and later Mary

field on the Potomac, Virginia will be a focal point of interest during this year. The overture of this notable commemoration year was at Yorktown celebrating the sesquicentennial of the surrender of Cornwallis. From the capital of the nation, named for Washington, and the old city of Alexandria, with its Masonic Westminster Abbey and other tributes to Washington, the master Mason, the tourist routes radiate like golden threads through the red and yellow and black soil of old Virginia, festooned with the green forests that fascinated the early settlers.

To me there is no picture on canvas or screen that can compare with the natural beauty and splendor of scenes witnessed on a trip down the Shenandoah Valley, called Federal Highway No. 11.

Leaving the historic battlefield of Gettysburg, on through Maryland and West Virginia to Winchester "one hundred miles away," we cross the very hump of old Virginia. In this Valley, where every historic spot is marked, the apple blossoms are in bloom, for Virginia ranks second in apple production and nearly eighty thousand trees over fourteen years of age are in bloom, providing the three million barrels that are marketed. The varieties remembered by Lady Astor as a girl in Virginia are very popular in the European markets. Here ex-Governor Harry F. Byrd is at the head of the largest apple storage warehouse in the world, with a capacity of five hundred thousand barrels. Governor Byrd is the brother of Admiral Dick Byrd, who explored the North and South Poles, and then there is Tom B. Byrd operating three thousands acres of orchards. The trio of Byrd brothers have carried out

stirring traditions of achievements for "Tom, Dick and Harry."

This Valley Boulevard of the Old Dominion is always luring and unique. The old winding turnpikes have been rebuilt and widened, a triumphal result of the vigorous campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, Incorporated. Property owners gave outright the land to the state and watched their fences and buildings moved back with the satisfaction of helping to make this highway a monument to Virginia patriotism and public service. The project was first taken up by Colonel Edward T. Brown, who in August 1919 had opened the Endless Caverns at Newmarket to the public.



Luray, Va. through Apple Blossoms, Shenandoah River and Massanutten Mountain in Page County, Va.

Johnson's "To Have and to Hold," also Owen Wister's, "The Virginian." Out of the realm of romance has come the thrill of discovery ever-awakened when I pass the borders of Virginia. Forsooth, we cannot whiff a cigarette or smoke tobacco without a thought of Virginia.

From Tidewater to the Piedmont section, through the valleys and over the mountains, the panorama of Virginia was unfolded amid the thrill of the scenes recalled from the printed book. There was a feeling that I was at last looking upon fascinating source of American scenic romance.

During the bicentennial celebration of the birth of George Washington at Wake-



Swiss Lake Way in the Luray Caverns

It was a long campaign to secure the many gifts of the land from the property owners on the highway, but the enthusiasm of those who began work on this unparalleled procedure reflected a new angle of public interest in highways, that is without a precedent.

These magical spectacular Caverns that lie in subterranean depths along this road side are among the seven wonders of the world. Massanutten Mountain rises majestically on the wide plateau, as if proudly marking the hidden beauties of this graphic geological drama. One of these marvelous caverns is up to date, for it can be reached by elevator, illuminated with colored lights in a way that makes a gay Broadway theatrical production only reflective of the real beauty of cave and cavern. One can tour the "underworld" here and look upon a scene of beauty, instead of the ghastly scenes associated with the word in the ghettos of the city.

Like many important discoveries and inventions, the development of the Caverns followed the curiosity of youth. The explorations of boys chasing rabbits through an entrance to a shaft, with the lights of candles, inaugurated a new tourist pathway. They could find no end to the winding and beautiful vast spaces underground. Since then millions of people have visited these fairylands under the earth that bring vivid and graphic pictures which no art on the canvas, scenic effect on the stage, or sculptured stone can equal. Volumes and even entire libraries could be written on the graphic Grottoes of Virginia.

What a gratification it must give those who have developed the marvelous incomparable Cavern area of the Shenandoah Valley to receive the tribute of appreciation from tourists who enjoy these wonders hidden beneath *terra firma*. The pioneer was Mr. T. C. Northcott, who owns the far-famed Luray Caverns—the first to be developed. Located in the eastern section of the Valley at a point divided by the stately

Massanutten Mountains on the Lee Highway, they contribute another appropriate monument to the greatly beloved Southerner. Looking upon the beauty of "the Cathedral," then "Dream Lake" in these Caverns, one is reminded of the stately sculptural beauty of the recumbent statue of Robert E. Lee at Lexington. These Caverns greet the traveler on the way from Washington into the Shenandoah Valley by way of Warrenton and Sperryville. In this neighborhood lived the progenitor of William Jennings Bryan in old Virginia. The Cavern entrances nestle within the borders of the far-famed and new Shenandoah National Park, with beautiful grounds suggesting the deep-seated appreciation of Mr. Northcott and his colleagues of this un-



Scene in Cathedral, Caverns of Luray, Virginia

rivalled beauty hidden away in the subterranean depths. They have rendered distinctive educational service in bringing to the attention of the world these unique attractions. Although past four score years, Mr. Northcott is still enthusiastic over the work he has so well done; spending his winters in Miami, but the first of April finds him back in the alluring realm of the Luray preparing for the visitors, who from early spring until late fall, make their pilgrimage to these matchless phenomena of Nature.

The Virginia Caverns, which are associated with the world-famed Endless Caverns, and located on the route from Newmarket to

Harrisonburg, have been developed by Colonel E. T. Brown and are in charge of his son Major E. M. Brown. This famous group is notable not only for indescribable beauty, but for the historic names of Civil War soldiers who wore the blue and the Gray that are inscribed on the rocks. These Caverns were used in their natural state by the soldiers on both sides as a hideout from the scrapnel and shell that swept this surface during the war between the states. Colonel Brown has provided a handsome private boulevard to the Endless Caverns, which indeed provide *endless* interest for the tourists exploring this area.

Near Harrisonburg are located the Massanutten Caverns, marked with smaller formations like jeweled castles. This property is owned and operated by Harrisonburg people who have taken a great pride in developing this attraction of old Virginia which has many distinctive features.

At the Grand Cavern near Staunton, owned by Colonel Stover, is a veritable climax of the cavern panorama presented in this valley. It is here that Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi delivered some famous orations echoing under ground to his friend Stover with the same magnetic voice that always attracts attention in the United States Senate chamber. The ballroom in the Grand Cavern is two hundred and sixty feet long, adorned with perfect imitations of big elephants' ears that suggest a prehistoric jungle. When struck, these ears, some twenty feet long, give the sound of an huge pipe organ, resounding with almost supernatural tones. Here as in the other caverns are various formations that challenge the knowledge of scientists and fascinate the visitor.

Appropriately named are the Shenandoah Caverns developed by Mr. Chapman and his son. Here the Caverns are reached by an elevator and from the depths of this retreat Robert H. Davis telephoned his chief on the Herald-Tribune in New York. Surrounding him were the beautiful



Dream Lake in the Caverns of Luray

Cascade Hall, the Indian Wigwam, and a perfect replica of the dome of the Capitol in Washington. The Diamond Cascade with its translucent cataract suggests a water fall of diamonds. The beauties of Rainbow Lake and the Grove of the Ancient Druids give one a vivid picture of the subterranean cavern splendor lying here in the heart of Shenandoah Valley, located on the famous Turnpike where many passed by in years past, without knowing what lay beneath the roadway over which they traveled.

In an All-Dominion State tour the climax seems to be reached when one passes the historic Natural Bridge of Virginia. Higher by fifty-five feet than the Fall of Niagara, this large span is cut out of solid rock. Estimated to have required a million years of erosion to build by natural processes, this impressive arch of one hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred feet in width, consisting of forty feet or solid stone, stands out as one highway project that did not require plans, contractors or labor.

Night had fallen; before us was the climatic scene of this great drama of Virginia's natural wonders. The highway passes over this great natural structure which serves a practical as well as a scenic purpose. The sky above the surrounding hills was a deep blue—shining through the arch with majestic dignity. Underneath, Cedar Creek was rippling a cadence of waters that seemed a fitting overture for what was to follow. A stunning silence reigned among the surrounding hills as if preparing one for the almost supernatural scene here enacted. The extensive and entrancing lighting effects provided by Westinghouse engineers enables one to enjoy the beauty here by night or by day. Subtly emerging from the darkness comes a moonlight without even a moon overhead. The soft glow reflects the sheen of waters beneath viewed through the great proscenium festooned in sylvan shadows. Then comes a flaming light much as depicted in sacred paintings that reflected a heavenly light from above. The foliage in the

foreground with the bridge as a frame, is lighted up with living green, recalling a Corot landscape, and a glimpse in fanciful dream of the luxuriance of Eden. Floodlights from the cliffs of the gorge suffused the buttressed walls with a variation of colors impossible to conceive in the glare of daylight. The intensity of the beams enables the visitor to view the construction of the great geological epilogue of Creation that has here continued on through the ages. Then comes the nocturnal sunrise! A tender glow of rose-colored light diffuses slowly, transforming night into day under the magic wand of Electra, following with the full glare of high noon—all within an hour. Rustic bridges and railings of the walks in the canyon give a touch of oriental mystic beauty that again



Spring fills the air of Virginia with the scent of Blossoms



An apple orchard in full bloom in the Shenandoah Valley

suggests the supernatural. A stream of light reveals the moss, lichen and trees, cling tenaciously to the rocks which fade away as the light is turned off, reminding us that it was night rather than day. The thrill of this magic spell to the eyes was climaxed with music that seemed to come out of the massive rocks that had battled since the glacier period. First came the majestic measures of ancient chants, as if echoing in some old cathedral.

The selections were appropriate to the setting and arranged for the effective intonation which supplemented the lighting, making it seem more than ever like some vista far beyond this terrestrial sphere. The strains from an invisible organ resounded with tone qualities running the gamut from the singing of birds, rustling of leaves in the forest on to the thundering diapason of a storm. Enthralled, the visitors stop,

look and listen, as they actually hear echoing from those walls above, human voices of a chorus singing Handel's "The Heavens are Telling." The last note has scarcely died away when comes the tender refrain of "The Lost Chord." As a finale the resonant ones of an impressive voice heard repeating the words of the first chapter in Holy Writ:

"In the beginning the world was without form, and void, and darkness rested on the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters and God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light and God saw the light that is was good."

Like a symphony of unending melodies and harmonies came the work of the masters in music with a setting that surpassed the artists work on canvas as an epilogue. Fittingly, as the dawn of this nocturnal cycle was reached, came the ringing refrain of Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals," in the triumphant chords that herald trumpeters at the vestibule of Heaven. As a recessional response the soothing majestic hymn of "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, All Thy Work shall praise Thy Name, on earth and sky and sea."

Altogether, it seemed as if I had witnessed a continuous process of the Creation itself, a theme of eternal and undying interest to human kind. The Curtain of Night unfolded again as the refrain of "Lead, Kindly Light" echoed a kindly benediction. A single light gleamed, as the mellow voice sang the all-appealing "Carry me back to old Virginia." For a moment the visitors sit in the darkness, and the soft rippling waters seem to blend with the trill of a mocking bird in the distance.

With the rhythm of a triumphal procession, the visitors retire in the shadows of dimly-lighted walks to find rest in the hospitable domicile at the Natural Bridge,—perhaps to dream dreams of the impressive grandeur and glory which their own eyes had seen and ears had heard in this dramatic presentation of the great drama of Creation amid the natural beauties of the Natural Bridge, made possible by the mi-



Apple blossoms add to Virginia's natural beauty

raculous achievement of man's inventive genius in transforming the inanimate rocks through light and music into the life animate, establishing the kinship of Nature and Human Nature.

The impressions of that night brought to me a soothing sense of peaceful restfulness, together with the assurance that the touch of the Infinite may come to the finite within the scope of human experience.

How fortunate that I should witness this drama with John C. Temple, resident director of the Natural Bridge. A poet and dreamer as well as an engineer, he has given a voice to the constructive work of the Creator. The inspiration of the lighting effects and the music coming out of the depths seem to bridge the centuries.

This awe-inspiring scene, festooned with arbor vitae trees a thousand years old, was like a blending of past and present, or even an obliteration of the boundary lines of time.

A familiar figure along this road in his later days was Robert E. Lee on his horse, "The Traveler," which carried him through the tragic scenes of the Civil War. The Natural Bridge is a scenic wonder that attracted George Washington in his adventurous youth. The magic initials "G. W." are carved on the walls of the Bridge opposite the pathway. It is a retreat that still appeals to the young American. The Bridge was owned by the English Crown up to July 5, 1774, when the Bridge and the surrounding one hundred and fifty-seven acres were conveyed by George III, King of England, to Thomas

pomattox came a peace that will endure.

Under the rays of the spring sun that ripple into waves of perfumed pink and white blossoms, a gorgeous setting for the pageantry of Apple Blossom time, occurs a spectacle every year that has made Winchester famous. A queen is crowned every year, typifying the hopefulness that comes with the bud and blossom. Last year the regal lady was brought from Winchester, England, for whom the New World Winchester was named. Appropriate it is that this year the queen will be a collateral descendant of George Washington who will play a part in the extended celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. Amid scenes of youthful maidens, typifying the full beauty of womanhood, thousands of people join in a coronation, which is free from echo of tyranny and strife, emblematic of the glorious freedom of all outdoors, in the virgin splendor of springtime—an appropriate setting for this symbolic festival reflecting the "hope that springs eternal within the human breast."

The trails follow the pathway of the Indans, while the Valley Boulevard marks the westbound trail used by Daniel Boone and his successors as they pushed on "Westward ho" across the Alleghanies. Every foot of the territory in these parts is historic. The highways cover not only the surface of the earth and lead to the mystic Caverns beneath the earth, but the Skyline Boulevard above the clouds on the Blue Ridge completes the span of roadways beneath, above and upon the level plain of the valley of scenic splendor.

Woodstock, Newmarket and Harrisonburg mark the center of the Cavern district. Every town along the route has its thrilling pages of history reaching back to Colonial times. In the old newspaper office I read in the files of the Herald letters written to them by Thomas Jefferson after he had retired to Monticello, evidencing a keen interest in the peace movement of that time. He announced that he had joined a peace society in Boston and sent on his contribution for the cause.

At Massanutten Military Academy I found Colonel Benchoff who has covered every mile of the territory in these parts in his enthusiastic love of the scenic

beauties of the Valley. This interest has kept him going in the work of the Shenandoah Valley, Incorporated, which has exploited this section of Virginia with an enthusiasm that has attracted many thousands of visitors to this Eldorado for a motor trip.

In the early days of getting the Boulevard project started, fraught with discouraging opposition, Colonel E. T. Brown gave the first land and even purchased a large

area of land which he did not want to push along the project. He has recently completed a private boulevard of some miles from the Highway to his Endless Caverns, where tourists are entertained among the charms and fascinations of this Cavern empire.

On either side are the broad plantations, reaching back to the great sloping foothills, presenting a landscape picture with varied hues of sunshine and shadow in the moun-



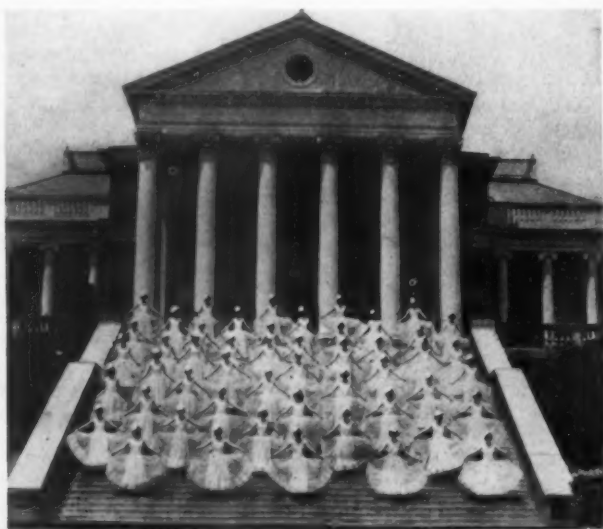
Colonel E. T. Brown, Endless Caverns

tains and soft colors of field and forest, of which the human eye never grows weary.

Passing through historic Mount Jackson, the road leads on to the historic center of Harrisonburg, named for a Virginia family which furnished two presidents of the United States, William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison. Dotted with little villages, each one of which has its own Colonial and revolutionary days traditions, to say nothing of the tragic days of the Civil War, the roads leads on to Staunton, the birthplace of another president, Woodrow Wilson. The tourist is tempted to slow up his schedule and linger in these charming cities and towns.

Few cities have a history more fascinating than that of Winchester, Virginia, extending from early Colonial times to the present day. Here it was that George Washington at the age of sixteen made his headquarters as a young surveyor for Lord Fairfax. Here it was he first came in contact with the Indians and acquired his love of the frontier. The bastion which Washington ordered dug within the fort is still used. Five Civil War battles were fought in this area. A knoll nearby marks the position of the Union Army when Sheridan made his famous ride, "twenty miles away," and rallied the retreating troops. On the highest mountain top used as a signal station by both armies from '61-65 is the grave of an "unknown soldier" that suggested the idea that crystallized in Washington and other countries to commemorate the unknown dead.

Virginia's attractive scenic beauty child for 1932 is The Shenandoah National Park, on the Blue Ridge Mountain between Front



Scene from Pageant — Apple Blossom Festival

Jefferson, just two years prior to his writing of the Declaration of Independence.

Up and down the great Valley are the surrounding apple orchards which have made this Virginia product famous the world over. How fitting that the annual Apple Blossom Festival with its parade, lavish southern entertainment, gay floats and pageants, should be celebrated in old Virginia where under the apple tree of Ap-

Royal and Waynesboro. The minimum area contains 160,000 acres; maximum and contemplated future area 327,000 acres. The countries touched by the Park area are Warren, Rappahannock, Page, Madison, Rockingham, Augusta, Greene and Albemarle.

The "Skyline Drive" between Thornton's Gap (Lee Highway) and (Spottswood Trail) leads along the crest of the Blue Ridge and over its flat pasture land where the ridge is in places a mile or more wide, though appearing from below as a sharp range of stately mountains. Views from the Skyline Drive, reveal alternately massed peaks and ridges north and south and west over the Shenandoah Valley and to-



The west view of the Natural Bridge of Virginia

wards the east is a vista of the famous Piedmont of Northern Virginia. Through a solid rock spur below is a tunnel leading through "Mary's Rock," above Thornton's Gap. The length of the project on the Skyline Drive, including the spur to

Rapidan Valley, via the Marine Camp above President Hoover's summer home, is forty-three miles of entrancing scenic beauty.

The development and genesis of the Shenandoah National Park has been vividly described in the manner of the physician by one of those interested. There is a desire to give everybody credit where credit is due and the names include a roster of many people who have been active in forwarding the interests of the valleys of Virginia, including the famed Shenandoah which carries the original Indian name meaning "a daughter of the stars."

The Shenandoah National Park was born in the early fall of 1924 at Skyland, Page County, Virginia of Harold Allen and G. Freeman Pollock parentage—attending physician, George H. Judd, Washington, D. C.



Ex-Governor Harry Flood Byrd

Nursed for some months in Luray, Virginia by the "Northern Virginia Park Association", with G. Freeman Pollock and L. Ferdinand Zerkel as day and night nurses and Harold Allen as relief nurse.

Christened in Mid-December, 1924 by Secretary Hubert Work, Director Stephen T. Mather and Southern Appalachian National Park Committeemen Henry W. Temple, William C. Gregg, Glenn S. Smith, William A. Welch and Harlan P. Kelsey, its God-father.

Introduced to the metropolitan public largely by Harold K. Phillips through The Washington Star and Dr. Wm. Jos. Showalter through the National Geographic Magazine and other publications and, later, by Dr. Frank Bohn through the New York Times.

Aided greatly in its efforts to walk and talk by Maj. Leroy Hodges and Robert F. Nelson of the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce and by the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Watched and nourished in infancy in the Shenandoah Valley by Col. H. J. Bench-

off (Woodstock); Col. H. L. Opie (Staunton); Frank L. Sublett, Daniel P. Wine, R. Ray Brown, John R. Crown (Harrisonburg); Andrew Bell (Winchester); H. E. Naylor (Front Royal); C. N. Hoover (New Market); H. H. Newman (Edinburg); J. T. McAllister (Hot Springs); L. Ferdinand



T. C. Northcott

Zerkel (Luray)—with Harold Allen of Washington, D. C. and G. Freeman Pollock of Skyland as mentors and dieticians.

Trained in the "pre-school age" by its early kin and friends above named and others of the Directors and Members of Shenandoah Valley, Incorporated, assisted by Thos. L. Farrar and Judge A. D. Dab-



Col. H. J. Benchhoff

ney and other admirers in the Piedmont Section.

Supported through early childhood by its collective uncle, the Officers and Directors of the Shenandoah National Park Assn., Inc.—H. J. Benchhoff, President

(Woodstock), H. L. Opie, Vice-Pres. (Staunton), D. P. Wine, Secretary (Harrisonburg), Hollis Rinehart, Treasurer (Charlottesville), L. Ferdinand Zerkel, Executive Secretary (Luray), H. E. Naylor (Front Royal), W. A. Ryan (Winchester), C. N. Hoover (New Market), Thos. B. McAdams (Richmond), T. L. Southgate (Norfolk), Robt. H. Angell (Roanoke), Joseph D. Smith (Petersburg), H. H. Harris (Lynchburg), Lee Long (Dante), Frank Buchanan (Marion), Homer Ferguson (Newport News), Julian Y. Williams (Alexandria); this "Uncle" continuously advised by that master guide, Governor Harry Flood Byrd.

Adopted, as a promising young project by the State Conservation and Development Commission; with its Chairman, the Hon. William E. Carson, as foster parent.

Operated on by Judge A. C. Carson, with William Armstrong and Aubrey Weaver as internes.

Under a curriculum outlined by Arno B. Cammerer and delineated by Glenn Smith, Albert Pike and Hersey Munroe;

tutored in "Carson College" by Elmer O. Fippin, Alex. Stuart, R. A. Gilliam and S. H. Marsh, with incidental assistance from its parents and its early nurse and with special health advice and class work prescribed by its new friends, Dr Roy Lyman Sexton and the Officers of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club of Washington, D. C.

Guided in financial learning and the social graces by its foster parent, William E. Carson, assisted by Horace M. Albright, Arno B. Cammerer and A. E. Demaray of the National Park Service.

Coached in physical development by H. K. Bishop and William M. Austin of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, aided by its God-father, Harlan P. Kelsey, and the master trainers—National Park Engineers, Oliver G. Taylor, Charles E. Peterson and V. Roswell Ludgate.

Examination for graduation under Expert Appraisal Commissioners, following mid-term tests by Appraisal Engineers,

Surveyors and Cartographers under Dean S. H. Marsh.

Post-graduate technical education entrusted to Virginia "Circuit University"; graduation, with highest honors, scheduled for the summer of 1932.

Prominent position, with a handsome income, awaiting the adult in the Museum of Nature's Masterpieces administered by Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur and his National Park Service, with promotion well assured by the President and Congress of the United States of America.

Where so many friends and well-wishers watched the progress of this "Child" and applauded so heartily its every success and where 24,000 interested folks gave the attempt to record the "Outline of His-cess; passing out "Credit to Whom Credit is Due" is only relative. This sketch, therefore, cannot but have omitted a large number of names that merit mention, in it attempts to record the "Outline of History" of our beloved Shenandoah National Park in all-too-brief form. To All Shenandoah "Park Crusaders", Hail!

Concerning Major Peyser's Busy Career

Continued from page 89

brilliant conversationalist on almost any topic, he seems to focus the vital points in a conversation as well as in the conduct of a trial or in pursuing a cross-examination.

Appointed one of the receivers with Joe Tumulty, Wilson's Secretary, of the Wardman group of buildings of which Wardman Park Hotel, Carlton, Stoneleigh Court, Chastleton, Hayes-Adam House, and others are included; he is also one of the trustees, apparently, holding title to the Shoreham, Major Peyser has even developed a genius in directing the operation of hostelrys. These responsibilities do not seem to interfere with his continuous interest in public affairs. A vigorous and useful citizen of the District, he ardently advocated the election of the local Board of Education by qualified voters, insisting that the public schools are closer to the masses of the people than any other municipal activities. It would also provide the long-suffering citizens of the District of Columbia a privilege of voting on something or other to bring about the consciousness that they were actually citizens of the United States of America.

While he is known as a fighter for the things that he thinks are right—there are few more tolerant or amiable attorneys appearing on the docket. He was the producing cause in the proposed purchase of the Washington Post by David Lawrence from Edward B. McLean; as personal counsel for McLean, he negotiated the sale of the famous racing stables as well as being attorney in the divorce proceedings of the McLeans, which indicates and reveals the wide range of his legal activities. Major Peyser was also elected by the creditors one of the trustees in the bankruptcy of Swartzell, Rheem and Hensley Company, mortgage banker, and is now general counsel

of the Security Savings and Commercial Bank; he is also counsel for an interest in the contested will case of Mildred McLean Dewey, deceased, widow of Admiral Dewey, and appearing for the executor in the estate of Mary Henderson, wife of former Senator Henderson, author of the emancipation bill for negroes.

In radio addresses he has aroused the enthusiastic interest of residents of the District in discussing the claim for direct national representation in some form or other. A lively alliterative description of the situation in the District is covered by Major Peyser in four words,—"Defects, derelictions, defaults and deficiencies". He insists there was nothing in the proposed Amendment to the Constitution granting franchise to native and adopted citizens in the District that would in any way diminish the powers of Congress. The contradictory descriptions of the District of Columbia that occur in most of the histories of the Capital were pointed out graphically, not excepting that of James Bryce's "American Commonwealth," an accepted text book authority.

Living so close to the legal and public activities at the National Capital it is natural that Major Peyser should come in contact with the public men as they come and go with the tides of political fortune. When Patrick Jay Hurley arrived in Washington to become Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Hoover, on his first trip, at a luncheon of the Military Order of the World War on Army Day, 1931, he recalled:

"I did not know a soul in the Capital. No member of Congress knew me, and I think you know how useless it is to try to get a job in the Government unless you have influence,—someone to get behind you and push like the devil. So I didn't try that. I

tramped the streets hunting for work, and finally got it in the law office of Julius I. Peyser who paid me enough to see me through the law school."

This is only one instance of where scores of young men who have arrived in Washington have been given the right sort of a helpful welcome by Major Peyser. Arthur R. Pilkerton, Liaison Officer between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the Auditor, resigned his office as Major Peyser's associate to accept said post. Truly his life has fulfilled the dreams of a sainted mother and his doting father who lived to see him "get an education" and achieve a measure of success far beyond their dreams, that reflects honor to distinguished forbears who had been prominent in public service.

Wherever the call comes from the American Legion, the Major answers the roll in the uniform he has so signally honored, but there are many admiring friends who insist that his erudite knowledge of the law and his active experience in the practice thereof, to say nothing of the wide scope of activities in business affairs would seem to fit him for the robes of the judiciary. The busy political bee has never seemed to bother this alert representative of the Bar. In his law offices Major Peyser has effected an organization so perfect that he is enabled to handle the large volume of business on schedule time. I have never known him when he was too busy for a joke and a smile with a friend,—for after all is said and done, Major Peyser's real hobby is exercising the rights of full citizenship as far as he can within the limits of his native District of Columbia, and fulfilling his conception of public service, while continuing the pursuit of a livelihood in professional work, with that freedom and opportunity which this nation affords its citizen.

Audiences I Have Known

As told to William Errol McFee by Frank Simon, Celebrated Band Conductor and Cornet Soloist Extraordinary.

IF you want to get a man's true opinion of his profession and, incidentally, interesting reminiscences of his past accomplishments, seek him out when he is thinking about his work, not his hobby. Occasionally, you may have to beard a raging lion in his den, but that does not alter the principle much. There are ways to pacify angry lions.

Such thoughts as these were roving through my mind as I eagerly awaited Frank Simon in the reception room of the W. L. W. studios in Cincinnati. Now and then I glanced at my watch rather impatiently; for I knew that another Armco Ironmaster broadcast was approaching and I wished to corner my quarry before he "went on the job," as musicians are wont to say.

"Won't you please come in; Mr. Simon would like to see you inside." It was Ernest Glover, the maestro's affable Manager and Assistant Conductor, and I was soon to learn that Mr. Simon, aside from being a gifted musician, knows how to choose men for his organization. And this was my first impression of the celebrated band conductor: he would have succeeded greatly in any profession he might have adopted, so richly endowed is he with personality,

reasoning power, and a spontaneous enthusiasm for life and living. And yet, he possesses a flair for the inspirational things that could have lead him to no other career except that of the artist. Those who know him and his works are grateful that he turned his undoubted talents to the greatest of all

And he swept his arms round the studio, as if he were encompassing the globe and all its radio-listeners. He was, too; for these Armco Ironmaster Broadcasts are heard in many countries and climes.

"I am very much attached to radio broadcasting now. Six years ago, when I first ventured into this field, I was skeptical; yes, I might even say, disdainful. Playing



Frank Simon, popular band leader of today

to inanimate, unresponsive walls"—and here he again illustrated his point with an appropriate gesture—didn't exactly appeal to me. I thought the dead silence that follows the conclusion of each number was soul-crushing, to say the least. I could not feel my audience; I could not visualize them as I can now. For all the world, I might have been playing to a phantom audience, unseen spirits that were unable to whisper their appreciation, much less applaud approvingly. But this impression did not stay with me long. I soon discovered that my radio audience was fully as alive as the countless audiences I had met and known in concert halls throughout the country. The only difference is that millions of people—instead of thousands, as in the case of the concert halls and parks and fairs—are divided into little groups of three or four persons gathered about receiving sets here, there, and everywhere. They are just as attentive, just as appreciative, even the ones who do not write and tell me how much they enjoyed the broadcast. Thousands of them do write, however; and from the comments and criticisms of these listeners my comrades and I draw our applause. Of course this is not so immediately satisfying as the audible and hearty clapping of many hands, but when you come to understand it, you do not feel as though much is missing."

Here it occurred to me that Conductor Simon doubled in brass—that is to say, he

frequently plays over the air those sparkling cornet solos that brought him enduring fame during his career with Sousa's Band. "Surely this must be difficult," I suggested. "You are right," he replied. "For me the strain is intensified. Usually I program my solo about midway in the broadcast. Just when I am beginning to relax under the strain of conducting, along comes my turn to perform. My instrument is cold, my embouchure unflexed, and the dread of even being a few vibrations off pitch causes me much anxiety. Then, too, playing to my vast unseen audience requires more effort and actually burns up more nervous energy than any other playing task I ever was called upon to do. Still, I like radio work very much, even though it is entirely different from concert performances."

"Mr. Simon, what influence do you suppose television will have on your work when this development is made commercially practicable?" I asked. He must have been thinking about this matter, because his eyes brightened perceptibly as he responded: "That will be the golden millenium, especially when it reaches the point where images and voices and music are synchronized perfectly and the cost of sending and receiving equipment is reduced to a level that permits owners of radio sets to install television in their homes. I, of one, will be heartily glad when that day comes." And this man, who has enthralled music lovers everywhere with the sheer beauty and fidelity of his musical interpretations, looked at me meaningfully. If I may risk a prophecy, we shall live to see Frank Simon even more prominent in television than he is in radio.

The electric clock in Crosley's palatial "Symphonic Studio" was clicking off the seconds with alarming swiftness. The zero hour of nine was rushing toward us; and so I shifted the conversation somewhat abruptly to audiences of other days. Frank Simon had known them all—from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Winnipeg, Canada to New Orleans. First, he took me back with him, in retrospect, to a solo he had essayed in Glendale Park, Nashville, Tennessee, some twenty-three years ago. He seemed to be dreaming, pleasurably, as he began his narration. "I was only nineteen, then—a strapping lad with little experience but much ambition. Five years before, I had taken my first lesson from



Frank Simon at the age of fourteen

arts—Music.

Ah! There he is, pacing restlessly up and down the corridor. "Here is an auspicious beginning for my interview," I thought; and after exchanging the customary greetings, I plunged into the ever-fascinating subject of audiences and their reactions upon the players who beguile them. "Mr. Simon," I ventured, "you appear somewhat restless, as though you could scarcely wait for the broadcast to begin. Do you always feel this way before the performance?" A smile broke through his serious expression and very obviously he relaxed. My question had snapped the tension. "Well, yes, I do; although I had never thought of it in just that way. You see, I have devoted much time and thought and effort to the preparation of this program, and I am wondering how it will go over outside, there."



Frank Simon, while with Sousa

William J. Kopp, a cornetist and band conductor who was very prominent in musical Cincinnati's affairs. Later he passed me along to Herman Bellstedt, one of the greatest cornetists, and composers for band, who ever lived; and Mr. Bellstedt, I must say, schooled me intensively for the important work that I was later destined to do. But, to get back to my rather harrowing experience in Nashville. Mr. Kopp's publicity men had billed me all over that city as the "Boy Wonder," and it was my obligation to live up to a reputation imposed upon me without my consent. Candidly, I was dubious about my ability to make good these screaming promises. My repertoire was limited—in fact, if it had been one solo less, I wouldn't have had a repertoire, much less a reputation. I remember this solo clearly; I believe I could even play it today. It was "Le Secret" Polka, by Hazel, a great favorite then. Anyhow, the plaza was packed with humanity and the concert got underway. When it came time for me to do my stunt, I was speechless, breathless, and about as helpless as a novice could be. My heart was playing tag with my larynx, my mouth was bone dry, and my lips felt as though they had never known the touch of a mouthpiece. What a predicament! I seem to recollect that the polka went well enough up to the first tutti; and yet, when I reached this long-awaited rest period, I was on the verge of collapse. A sympathetic drummer in back saw my precarious condition and came running out with a brimming dipper of water. It proved a life-saver, or rather, a reputation-saver. I gulped it down eagerly, and went on from the tutti in great style. I received a thunderous ovation, the day was saved, and my billboard prestige along with it. The audience had quickly grasped the humor of the incident, and was with me and for me from that time on."

"Have you ever been nervous or agitated since, Mr. Simon?" I interjected. "Oh, yes," came the reply quickly, "but it was far from being 'Nashville nervousness.' That was an extreme case. Afterwards, my comrades encouraged me and I rapidly gained confidence, so much so that I played freely and easily to every audience, no matter what its mood and receptiveness. I recall that we journeyed from Nashville to Lexington, Kentucky, and thence to Cincinnati, where Kopp's Band played an extended engagement at the famous Zoo. I simply had to augment my scanty repertoire; and so it was that Henry Fillmore took it upon himself to coach me in a new solo—"Theresa" Polka, by Waldron. Henry must have done heroic work; for my first rendition of this showy piece brought me an interview with John Weber, then leader of one of the most popular concert bands in the United States. He asked me to name my salary, and I demanded what I thought was an excessive figure. Later I discovered, much to my chagrin, that it wasn't so much, after all—at least as compensation for soloists went those days. Still, I had some very enjoyable experiences in my role as soloist with Weber's Band, particularly in Chicago and San Francisco."

"That episode would make good material for another interview, Mr. Simon." And I glanced apprehensively at the racing

hands of the studio clock. Five minutes more, and so far my genial host had only casually referred to John Phillip Sousa. I risked a pointed question, hoping that it would start a train of reminiscences. It did. "Of all the conductors I have known, Mr. Sousa knew his audiences best," he related. "He always kept a step or two ahead of their wishes, as it were; and although they might be cold and indifferent at first, he never failed to stir their enthusiasm before the concert was over. Great musician that he was, he was an even greater 'showman.'" And I'll tell you, it takes showmanship to win the approval of any audience. You've got to get over your personality, your interpretation; and before you can do this successfully, you must understand the whims and likes and dislikes of your audiences and play to these accordingly. It's not what you *think* they want, but what you *know* they want that enables you to bridge the gap and attune your music or entertainment with their desires. Mr. Sousa did this in masterly fashion, and if I have acquired the art to any degree, it was from him."

"Speaking of audiences, there is one I shall never forget. It was my first rehearsal with Sousa's Band, in New York City, and among the group listening to us as we went through our paces were Walter Damrosch and Nahan Franko. Herbert Clarke, then cornet soloist with the band, had performed his solo in his usual brilliant style, likewise the violinist. I had decided beforehand to play "La Mandolinata," a melodious Spanish theme with very difficult variations; and now it was time to submit to the ordeal as bravely as I could. Apparently, I was keyed up to the task and made a good impression; for the bandsmen and the small though critical audience applauded spiritedly. Afterwards, Mr. Sousa congratulated me and exclaimed: 'Young man, you have a lifelong position in this band.' But the nervous strain proved too much: something inside me snapped, I collapsed, and was confined to my hotel for three days, missing the glamor and thrills of the first performance."

"On another occasion, we were playing an engagement in the New York Hippodrome. Sousa's Band was the feature of 'Hip Hip Hooray!' the reigning musical show of 1916; and I recall that Herbert Clarke and I alternated in the solo work. Physically, it was a very trying performance, one scene alone—"Ballet of the States"—running twenty minutes, with but one brief rest period for the cornets in the number. One night, I was chatting in the dressing room with Bert Brown, the 'Hoosier Wit,' and Herbert Clarke happened in. He informed us, in his most nonchalant manner, that on the following day the entire band would parade through the Times Square district playing 'Ballet of the States' three times without a pause. I was flabbergasted, speechless. This was *too* much; we would never survive such a merciless grind. Bert was equal to the situation, however: he summoned up his most glib, rustic expression and asked: "But Herbert, do you think the route'll be long enough?"

"Bert Brown, you know, was my side part-

ner after Mr. Clarke left the Sousa Band and I had succeeded to the 'first chair.' And Bert was a clown, if there ever was one. You'll have to know a certain custom in the Sousa Band to appreciate this story: Whenever the lights went out, for any reason whatever, Mr. Sousa would always give us a signal to strike up 'El Capitan' march. Then, if the Mazdas still remained dark, we would run into 'Stars and Stripes Forever.' Anything to prevent the audience from becoming restless. One time—it was at Hanlon's Point, a summer resort in Toronto, Canada—we were playing a night concert. It was one of those sweltering-hot, sultry nights that you never forget. All of us were about stifled, and my thoughts were running toward my solo, which had been programmed next to the final number. As I left my chair to make the supreme effort, I noticed that the audience was in a torpor. Possibly not even a miscue would make much of a dent on these languishing people, I thought. I had almost reached the end of 'Student Sweetheart' which, incidentally, is the most pyrotechnical solo in my repertoire—when my mouthpiece began to swim about in a sea of perspiration. Finally, it gave up the unequal struggle and slipped off. There I was, my cornet suspended in mid-air, right in the heart of an important passage, with the band speeding along merrily with an accompaniment. I did manage to sneak back into the solo before the climax and sound the last high note. Then, groggy and embarrassed, I reeled back to my seat, to find Bert Brown in a paroxysm of laughter. 'What's the joke,' I hissed at him. 'Wha-wha-wha—what's the joke?' he stammered, between convulsions of mirth. 'Wh-wh-why, I came darn near shouting out El Cap!'

"This was the humorous side of your interesting life with Sousa's Band, Mr. Simon," I commented, "but what about the side that has to do with your nation-wide popularity as a cornet soloist and your later success as a band conductor. To what force or influence do you attribute your rise from an obscure instrumentalist to the highest-ranking solo position among the concert bands of the United States?" His eyes twinkled, and I thought I detected a gleam of gratitude—the sort of gratitude that one man can feel for another who has befriended him. "Of course," he said, "I owe much to my early teachers: William Kopp, and particularly to Herman Bellstedt. Never could I have scaled the heights without their assistance, their kindly guidance, and the knowledge of cornet artistry that they imparted to me unstintingly. Still I am much indebted to Herbert L. Clarke, the greatest of all cornet soloists. But Herbert L. Clarke is more than consummate artist. He is a great humanitarian." Here, Frank Simon's voice wavered a little, and he paused for a moment, as if the emotion were too much for him. I understood. He went on "Yes, it was Herbert Clarke who sympathized with me when I needed sympathy most; who encouraged me in my aspirations; who patted me on the back when I had done well; who guided me along the steep and tortuous path that leads to achievement. In my opinion, the musical world will never again be given an artist so versatile, so accom-

Continued on page 115

Honoring the Memory of Robert E. Lee

Continued from page 88

utterance to that immortal expression, "Let us have peace," that even today echoes a worldwide aspiration and hope.

Outside the faithful war horse, "Traveler," that he had ridden during the war was champing at the bit, as if eager to carry him back to the old Virginia home. Alas, that home, the famous Arlington House on the banks of the Potomac, had passed from him in the fortunes of war. The stately pillars of this mansion with its romantic traditions associated with the distinguished Lee family and the days of Lafayette's visits, are now a veritable part of the Arlington Cemetery where sleep the famous soldier dead of America.

In the sad and dark days following the war he remained in old Virginia and became president of the Washington College at Lexington at a salary of \$1,500 a year, refusing large offers to go elsewhere. He wanted to continue his work with the flower of young southern manhood. The name of the institution was later changed and his fame was linked with that of Washington in the Washington and Lee University.

Recently I visited the hallowed spot associated with the last days of Robert E. Lee. Arriving late in the afternoon, the old darkey could not resist admitting me to the great Memorial Hall, suffused with inspiring memories of Lee. On tiptoe, in the lengthened shadows, I visited the tomb of Robert E. Lee, a recumbent statue of pure white marble, symbolic of his great soul, representing him as he lay in state when his mortal remains were viewed by the thousands, who loved and honored Robert E. Lee.

I sat in the half basement room, in the very chair and before the very desk where he met the students day by day, face to face, and gave them those inspiring paternal counsels that will ever remain ideals for American manhood.

Without rancor or bitterness, but in that superb, serene spirit which has given him an enduring place in the Hall of Fame, Robert E. Lee breathed his last at the early age of three score and three years, with the consciousness that he had never wavered in his consecration to his high ideals of honor and patriotic devotion. Lee's attitude following the war had much to do with bringing back the solidarity of the Union.

All over the southland the day of his birth is observed with devoted tenderness and will continue on as generations come and go.

How significant it is that in our own Boston that day should be commemorated so fittingly, indicating the big, broad spirit of Americanism that has obliterated the bitter enmities of the great fratricidal struggle. Like a sweet benediction comes to us in the northland today the memory of Robert E. Lee on the day that he first saw the light of the world in which he lived, moved and had his being, to bring us the blessed and hallowed remembrances of this hour.



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ROBERT E. LEE

Fame, with its promised laurels, beckoned strongly;

Gold and its gain was flaunted in his face. Forgetting these, he turned his back upon them,

And fought to save his country and his race.

Lost was the noble cause, and in the losing Many there were whose life blood paid the cost;

But in the rebirth of a sterling nation, He counted victory a thing well lost.

Standing at last at bitter Appomatox,
Their fluted silver trumpets in the dust;
None of his grim, heroic, ragged soldiers
Regretted having given to him their trust.

Now, with the gathered fruit of years
around us,
None can decry his fame in any way;
His name is honored and his virtue
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Why Youth Will Fly

Continued from page 92

one man was killed for every 18,000 hours. In other words Army fliers were ten times safer last year than in 1920 and even greater progress has been made on the regular Transport lines.

In 1928 Department of Commerce figures showed one passenger fatality for each 814,369 passenger miles. During the last six months of 1931 the safety had increased to but one passenger fatality in each 26 million passenger miles flown.

Accidents can happen in anything whether it be a horse and buggy or a slippery bath tub and accidents will continue to happen as long as the human element is not infallible. However we must warn against carelessness. Above all we should teach our youth to have a wholesome respect for flying and its limitations.

Any boy or girl who possess a normal active mind and healthy body, can "under proper instruction" become a competent pilot. As in the case of automobiles there are, of course, certain individuals who are not temperamentally fitted to become fliers, but there individuals will seldom feel the urge to try.

Learning to fly requires the same application, study and adherence to instruc-

tion as is necessary in mastering any new accomplishment. The boy or girl should approach their training in a studious and careful manner. They should be taught to exercise self control, caution, intelligence and alertness. Above all the chief objective should be to become a safe and conservative flier. They should not only be taught "how" to fly but when "not" to fly. After all, flying is not perfected, what is? And its greatest obstacle, yet to be overcome, is "bad weather." I have seen young fliers anxious to reach a football game or keep a date take off in weather when older and wiser pilots remained on the ground. This fallacy and recklessness, the desire to "show off" are the two greatest contributing causes to bad accidents. Would that every embryo flier and old ones too take as their motto the philosophic slogan of a good friend and fellow flier of mine which is, "I don't want to be the best flier in the world, I want to be the oldest."

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Prince in Legend and Real Life

Continued from page 96

you were driving the tonneau. . . Do you like horses that much?"

Once at the door, I turn for a last look. He is still wearing his gay smile. . . not a prince of purple and ermine. . . but a friendly, unassuming young man who yet reigns over the hearts of all his friends and countrymen who admire and love him.

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Lawrence S. Bearse, Notary Public,

[seal] (My commission expires September 5, 1935)

The Mythical Menace of Militarism

Continued from page 95

who go on into the Army take the step with their eyes open, and because they have an inherent aptitude for what they know the Army life to be. They have, too, a realization that the Army has its great work in times of Peace, which, in many respects, transcend its activity in times of War.

It would be rather inapposite to deny the advantages, under the proper supervision, of living with other boys of a similar age; in having one's time wisely apportioned in mental and physical activity, from reveille until taps; in the almost obligatory association with fellow students on the athletic fields; in the erectness of bearing which must come through the regular drills; in the natural increase of self-responsibility; in classroom association where the professors are able to know each student and his shortcoming.

But, whatever is said of the military school, its growth in the United States has been amazing. It does not have a counterpart in the educational system of any other country on earth. The very nearest approach to it is in England. The total enrollment, it is said, "might" reach 15,000. This is as against 122,480 officially recorded in this country's R. O. T. C.

And, as a parting thought for the alarmed pacifists, it has been pointed out before that every adult male citizen of Switzerland is a trained soldier, and that nation has gone to War but once in the last one hundred and fifty years!

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Audiences I Have Known

Continued from page 112

plished, and so completely a gentleman as is Herbert L. Clarke."

Sixty seconds! "I must go now. But please stay to hear the broadcast." And he hurried off to the conductor's stand. The announcer, hovering over the mike, looked significantly at Frank Simon, who nodded his head in assurance. Baton poised above the score, he glanced quickly at his "comrades." They were ready, waiting eagerly. The control room signalled and a tiny red light bobbed up beside the announcer. The baton flashed up, then down, and the band of the Armco Ironmaster Hour was off in a swinging, spirited march. Frank Simon had gone out to meet another audience—the mighty audience of the air.

Business Genius as a Public Benefactor

Continued from page 84

ferred to the public. The roster includes many who have served forty, thirty-five, twenty-five, fifteen and ten years. In these shifting times one is impressed with the long record of service credited to various employees, indicating that not only did the company give them a lifelong employment but had kept together these people who have given not only of their best but their entire life services to the production of this superlative and peerless product of Cuticura. It has truly fulfilled the ideals of not only the man who created the name and founded the business but of those who have carried it on as an institution.

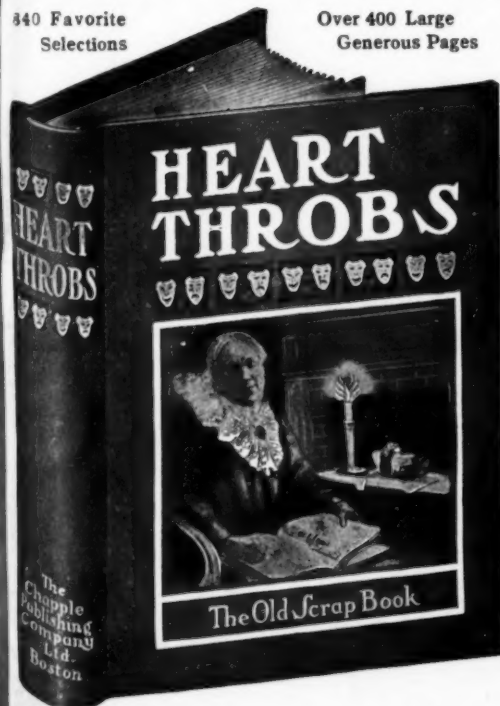
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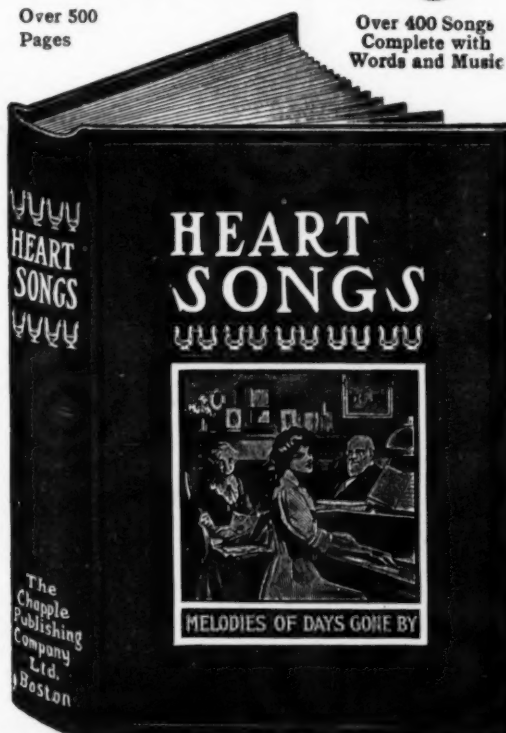
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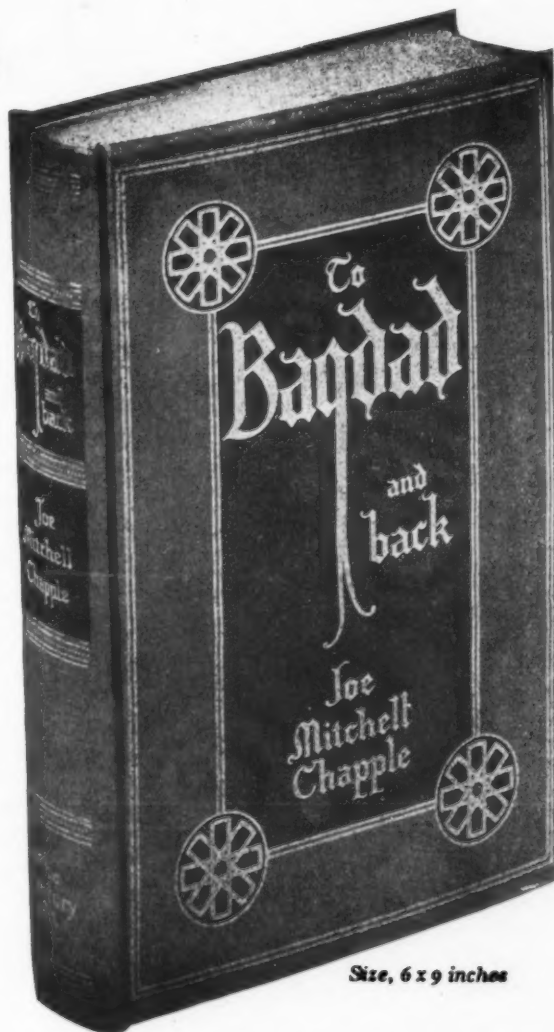
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Human Race

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When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alrashid.

—Tennyson



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the hand of Time that laid low
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mythical origin of Rome. Older
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